January 1918

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Twenty Cents

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Did you know that you could use me in so many ways?

I am the DAYLO—
that clips securely to the physician's vest pocket, a companion of his fountain pen and used almost as frequently. For making throat examinations, for instance.

I am the DAYLO—
that the nurse uses to read her clinical thermometer or to make an entry on the temperature chart in the darkened sick room.

I am the DAYLO—
that through the darkened hours stands guard beside the patient's bed silently to signal for the nurse's attention.

I am the DAYLO—
for the ambulance van. When the motor stalls I bring the trouble to light by bringing the light to the trouble.

I am the DAYLO—
for the dressing station to guide the surgeon's deft fingers with safe, steady, unfailing light.

The light that says "There it is!"

Many other styles for many other purposes at prices from 75c up (in Canada, 85c up). At electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere. Ask for an Eveready DAYLO equipped with that longed-lived, dependable Eveready TUNGSTEN Battery.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of the American National Red Cross

Vol. XIII JANUARY, 1918 No. 1

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE
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Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson

A WORD TO THE WIVES: "SAVE"

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The
RED CROSS
MAGAZINE

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

(This question is so often asked concerning the American Red Cross that we asked the War Council to answer it. Their statement is both a pledge and a prophecy.—THE EDITORS.)

THE Red Cross was founded to relieve suffering and to save lives in war. But its activities have grown and extended with enlarged vision in a progressing world. Its field is as big as the needs of humanity. It is the embodiment of world-wide neighborliness. All that has to do with relieving distress, imposed by disaster, and making individual and community life safer, happier, and more efficient is within the scope of the Red Cross.

It is the hope of those now so deeply concerned in directing its work to give to the Red Cross a continuing spirit and organization to deal effectively with all its problems after the war. Such work is now under study that should give a clear view of the needs and changes that we shall have to face.

It is also our desire to make THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE the truest literary and artistic interpretation of this new era. A magazine cannot have a nobler field or more definite and important policy. We are making plans now to have those writers and artists, who have sympathy and imagination and talent, put this wonderful material into human stories and articles and pictures of the strongest appeal for our millions of members.

In every way, we expect to insure THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE a permanent and important place among the periodicals that serve and interest the great public.

RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL
BY APPOINTMENT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
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SERVING THE

When the Long Troop Train on Its Journey into the Station of Your Town, the Hand Ready to Serve the

"THREE cheers for the Red Cross!" It was my privilege to inspect a Refreshment Unit on a late October afternoon. I arrived at the freight yard during a driving rain just as a troop train was slowly getting under way. It moved southward with its windows crowded and its platforms packed with cheering soldiers. They hung far out, waving enthusiastically to the group of women in the uniform of the Canteen Service. Those cheers could have been heard for blocks.

Had a sandwich and a cup of coffee even before elicited such spontaneous gratitude? "Three cheers for the Red Cross!"

I stood watching the little group of women beside the tracks. There they were, drenched after hours of exposure to the storm; but not one left her post. It was truly an inspiring sight. Their organization showed to happy advantage as they kept serving the ever arriving and departing troops. Beside me stood a section hand watching the scene, and with a naïve simplicity he confided: "I thought first these were a crowd of society women playing at a new fad, but I see they are the *real* thing."

Only to one who has been an eye witness of one of these scenes, enacted almost daily in all sections of the country, can the significance of the presence of these Red Cross women and purport of those cheers be fully understood.

The Canteen is purely an emergency service. It is rendered when schedules become interrupted and delays ensue, tending to disarrange the programme of feeding the troops. But the spirit of the workers has carried it far beyond this point. "Personally," writes one worker, "I deem it a great privilege to assist in serving the men of our Country, and though I give up all my time to it, it is a small

"There is a provision in the last will and testa that if a soldier dies while in service . . . his have made the Spokane Red Cross my beneficiary" to take up the gage of battle for Liberty showed his

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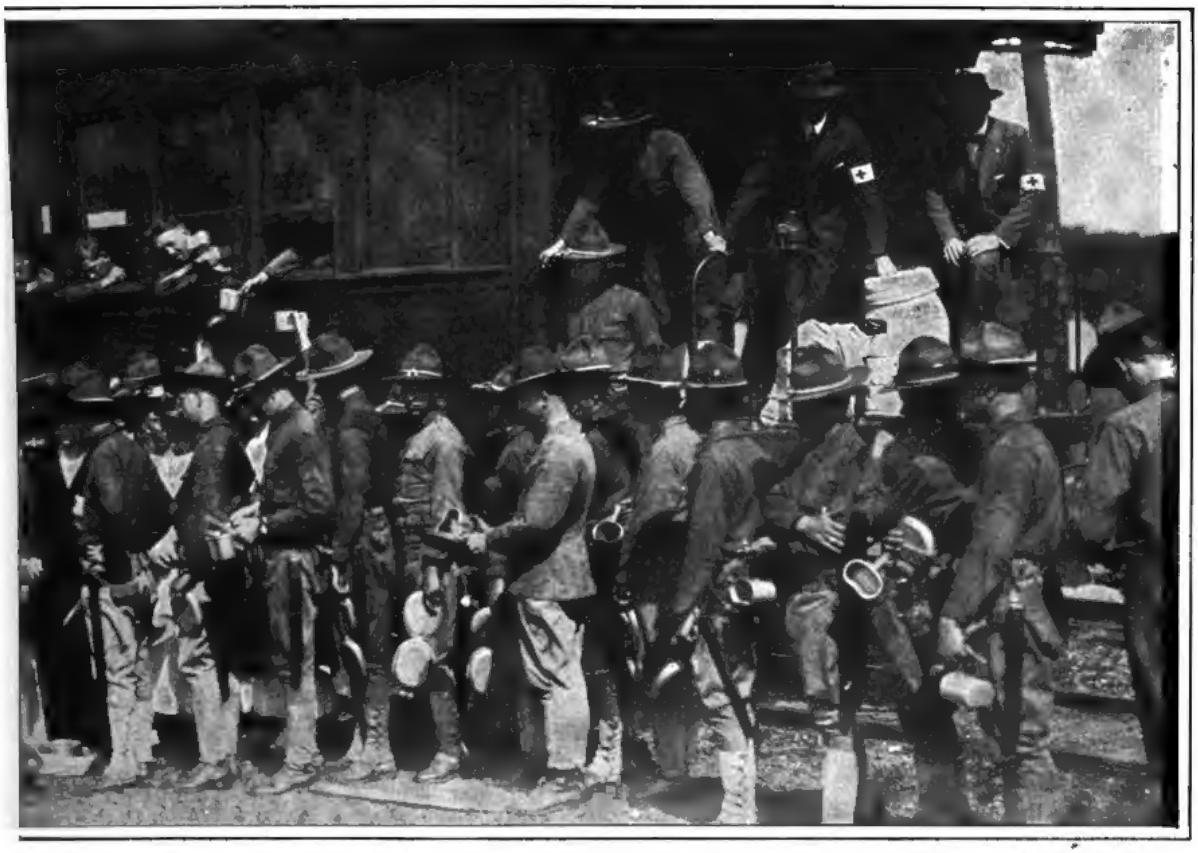

SAMMIES BY FOSTER ROCKWELL

"Somewhere in the United States" Pulls Red Cross Canteen Service Is on Tired and Hungry Troopers

thing to do compared with what they have been called upon to do." Secretary of War Baker, in his letter to Mr. Davison, said, in commenting on the Canteen Service, that it was one of the things the Red Cross could do better than any one else in the world, and also one of the things which will help to make us a strong and united people.

"God bless the Red Cross. My mother is one of them." Surely it must be a comfort to the mother in California to feel that the Red Cross to which she subscribed is serving her son in Georgia.

And the spirit is most contagious. It has spread even to yard-masters and train crews. One train-master proudly told me, "Every man on the job here spends fifteen minutes a day with a saw working for the Red Cross. We take care that they buy no wood for their stoves."

One officer told me, "My men don't need food, but this cup of coffee does more for the boys than you can imagine. It has a sort of magic effect and puts them in great good humor." While another officer writes: "It is certainly most gratifying to the officers who know that the Red Cross Society all over this great country of ours is interested in the men who are in the Army and Navy, and it affords me great pleasure, as the Commandant of my regiment, to thank you for what you did for my men."

But it is the story of the boys themselves, those "who are to bear the brunt of it," that interests us most. They know the value of the personal element the Red Cross has started in its Canteen Service. Here is Sammy's own view point in four letters. They epitomize the Canteen Service. The first was written to the Saginaw Chapter:

ment of soldiers serving in the United States Army beneficiaries draw six months of his pay . . . I This was the manner in which one soldier on his way gratitude for the work of the Red Cross.

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WHEN THE TRAIN PULLS IN

Cups of steaming coffee, piles of sandwiches and cakes, disappear before the onslaughts of the good natured, hungry troops

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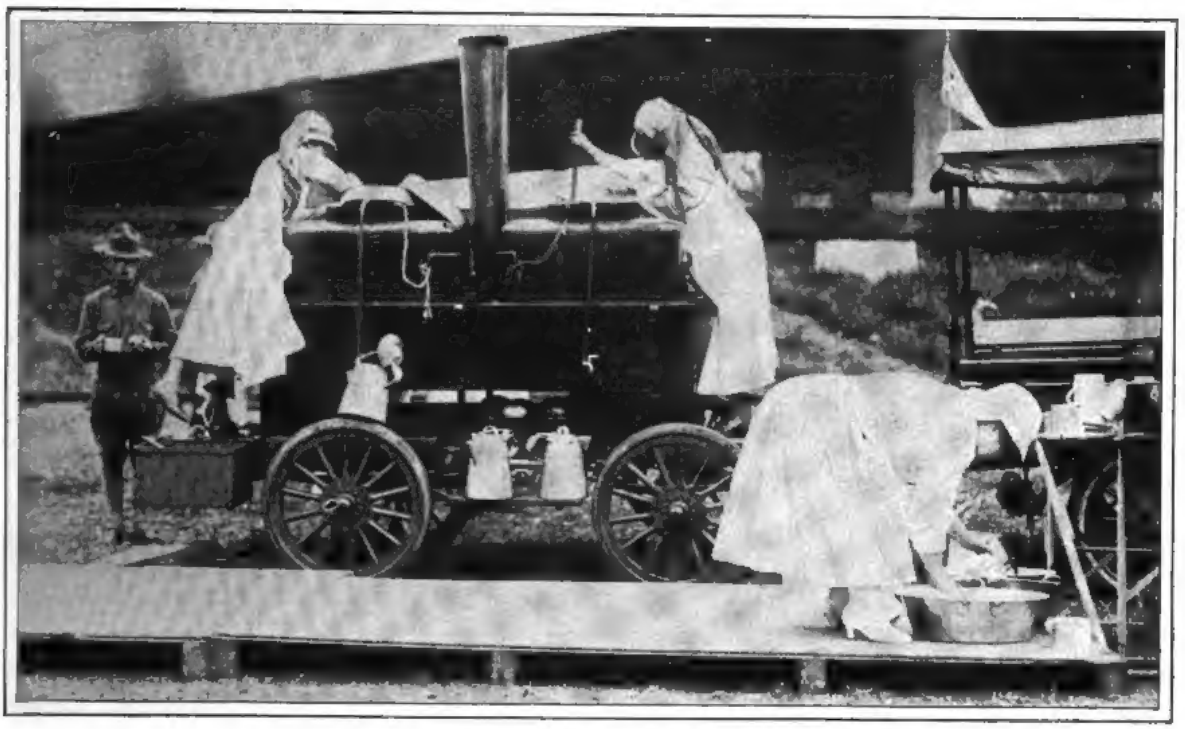

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

"I stood watching the little groups of women beside the tracks," says an eye-witness, "they were drenched after hours of exposure to the storm, but not one left her post. It was a truly inspiring sight"

"All of the boys certainly appreciated it (the Canteen Service), for we were hungry, as you no doubt noticed, having had nothing but a light lunch since leaving home the previous noon. With an organization like the Red Cross behind us, we are only too glad to go forward to defend Our Country."

The second to a Montana Chapter: "On our arrival at M—— we were tendered a most hearty reception by the Red Cross. Their kindness in serving us with hot coffee and sandwiches left an impression upon the boys that will never be forgotten. We cherish not only the worth of such a gift, but more than that the fact that the whole nation is interested in our welfare."

And here is the third in entirety:

"When our train pulled into the station, the scene resembled a public market. Apple and peach boxes were piled high, and a dozen ladies in white aprons with red crosses were lined up with pans of hot doughnuts and bright tin cups of coffee. We mean coffee, the kind that is raised in Java, and not something "just as good" which is imported from the hay fields of Toppenish and Yakima.

"We left Fort L—— on short notice and were unable to stack up with everything we needed. The ladies apparently anticipated this and a Mrs. Krouse was waiting with a big touring car all tuned up and rushed five of us up to town to buy cards, stamps, kodak films, etc., for the company.

"When we got aboard, First Sergt. Lee Carter assembled the men and commended them for their gentlemanly conduct and proposed a vote of thanks, signed by each soldier, be sent to the Red Cross Society of Spokane.

"Our stay in Spokane was brief, but the twenty minutes spent there marks an epoch in our lives as soldiers, and we will carry the thoughts of those sincere, patriotic women of Spokane with us to France and a little later to Berlin."

The following is the supreme tribute to the spirit behind the great machine of the American Red Cross:

Post Hospital,
Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.
October 12, 1917

Spokane Red Cross Society,
Spokane, Washington.

GENTLEMEN:—

There is a provision in the Last Will and Testament of the soldiers serving in the United States Army that reads to the effect that if a soldier dies while in the service of the United States his beneficiaries draw six months of his pay.

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READY WHEN NEEDED

The Canteen is purely an emergency service. It is rendered when schedules become interrupted and delays come, tending to disarrange the programme of feeding the troops

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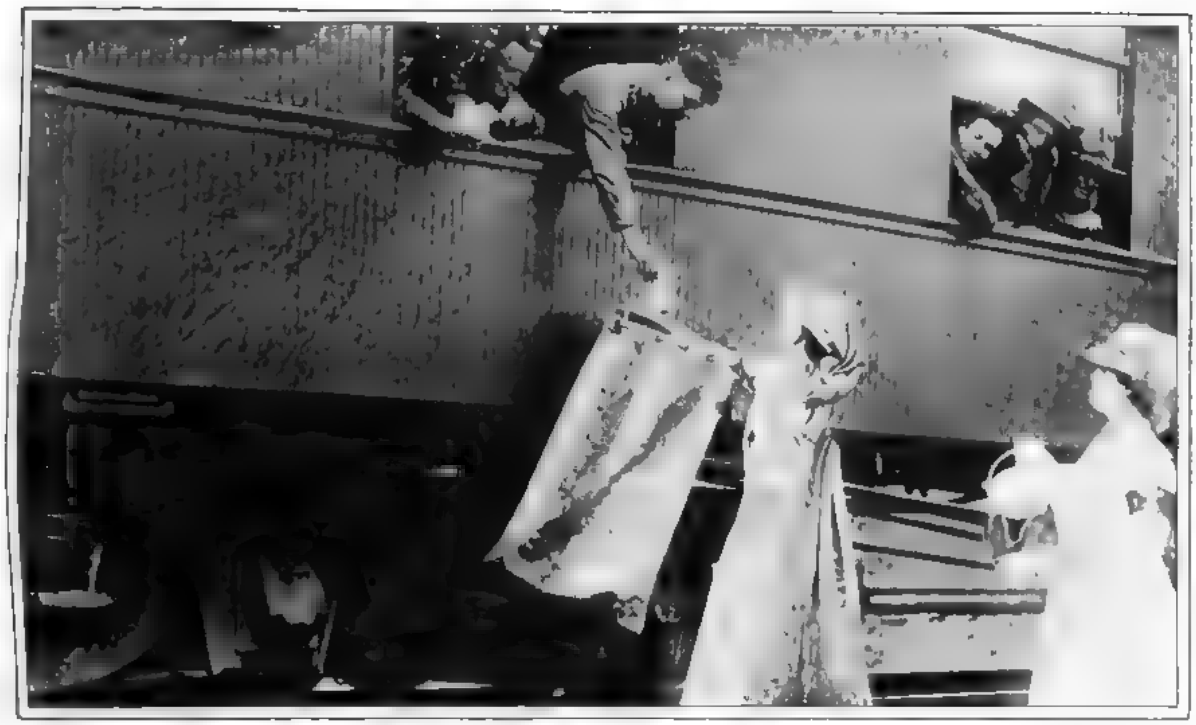

THE LAST LETTER HOME

The Red Cross Canteen Service not only takes charge of feeding the soldiers en route to various points, but performs many other services, such as mailing letters, for the soldiers

This is to inform you that I have made the Spokane Red Cross Society my beneficiary, and instructed the United States Government to give this six months' pay to this society.

Yours very truly,
S. W.
Div. 1st Cl. Medical Dept.

Arrived Wash. D.C. OK
treated fine by the Red Cross
will write later

Bill

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IVAN, THE TORTURED

The Terrible Truths About the Treatment Accorded the Russian Prisoners of War in Germany—Another Violation of the Laws of Humanity and International Law

BY

LEO PASVOLSKY

(Editor of the Russkoye Slovo, Russian daily newspaper published in New York)

(This tragically thrilling article is based on materials furnished the writer by Professor N. A. Borodin, of the Russian Extraordinary Mission to the United States, who speaks with absolute knowledge. From the beginning of the war Professor Borodin was in charge of the relief work for the prisoners of war carried on by the All-Russian Union of Municipalities, while after the revolution he was placed in charge of practically all the relief work for the prisoners of war.—The Editors)

ONE of the blackest of the black horrors of which the Germans have been guilty in this war is the treatment which the Germans accord to their prisoners of war, especially the millions of Russians who had the dire misfortune to fall into their hands. The condition of the French and the British prisoners of war, while their treatment by their captors is just as unspeakable as that accorded to the Russians, is still considerably alleviated by the fact that they receive assistance from their home countries. This is especially true as far as food is concerned. The Germans allow their prisoners of war very scant rations of food, impossible for the maintenance of health and the sustenance of the strength which they need in order to be able to perform the tasks which the captors assign to them. The prisoners of war are compelled to depend upon the food packages which they receive from their home countries. And in this respect the Frenchmen and the Englishmen find themselves in an infinitely better situation than the Russians.

From comparative figures which have been

WORKING FOR THEIR CONQUERORS

At the beginning of the war it was not thought necessary to provide prisoners with lodgings. Later, rude barracks were constructed but so loosely that there were gaps between the boards large enough for sparrows to fly through

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compiled from the reports of the various organizations for the relief of the prisoners of war of different countries, it appears that every Englishman, held as a prisoner of war of Germany, receives six or seven food packages a month. Every Frenchman receives five or six packages a month. But among the Russians only one out of every ten receives one package a month. The others get nothing.

These figures indicate at once the difference in the organization, the scope and the extent of relief work in Western Europe and in Russia, and the unimagined hardships which the Russian prisoners undergo in Germany. In the light of this, one is inclined to believe literally in the harrowing stories which are brought from Germany by persons who have had occasion to come in close contact with the life of the Russian prisoners of war in the different prison camps. They tell us that the lack of food, which saps the last strength of these victims of modern lawlessness, coupled with the awful hardships and privations to which they are subjected, are responsible for the fact that more than one fourth of the two million or more prisoners that Germany and Austria have captured in their different Russian campaigns are already buried under the soil of these two countries, while many more will probably never return to their native land alive.

It is well known that according to international law, which Germany herself and her vassal Austria-Hungary recognized before the present war, that prisoners of war are not considered prisoners in the same sense as criminals, committed to a penal institution. Their liberty must be restricted only to the extent of preventing their escape. The prisoners, except the officers, may be compelled to perform gainful labor, but such labor must not have any connection with the industries working for the war. All such labor must be paid for, and this money must be applied partly for the improvement of the position of the prisoners themselves, and the rest should be handed over to them. In any event the international law prescribes that prisoners of war should be treated as humanely as the conditions of war time permit.

At the beginning of the war it was not thought necessary to provide the prisoners with any lodgings at all. A space of several acres would be chosen somewhere far away from any habitation, surrounded by a fence of barbed wire, and into this bare enclosure thousands of prisoners would be driven. All their clothes, except scant underwear, would be taken away from them. And thus they would be left in such an enclosure, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, compelled to sleep on the bare gound, uncovered and unprotected.

This was the situation in Germany. In Austria, while some prisoners would be lodged in pigsties and in stables, from which the manure had not been removed, most of them were also driven into bare, unsheltered enclosures, often situated in marshy places. The rains would transform the ground into continuous pools of water, in which the prisoners would be compelled to spend long nights, sleepless with the cold, as well as the interminable days. In some camps the prisoners would dig holes in the ground, in which to seek protection from the wind and the cold. They were allowed no tools with which to work, and had to perform the work of digging with pieces of wood, and often with their bare hands. Two or three men would seek protection in each of such shallow holes. The unsupported walls often came down on them, and in many a camp prisoners have been found crushed to death under such earthen avalanches, descending into the holes, where they sought protection from the ravages of the weather.

Later on in some of the camps the prisoners were put to work building barracks. But even when these were constructed they were not much better than the unsheltered enclosures had been. They were simply wooden structures, so loosely constructed that in some places the cracks were large enough for sparrows to fly in and out. In winter these barracks were usually unheated; very few were provided with stoves, and those that had them usually lacked fuel most of the time.

The prisoners were provided with mattresses filled with wood shavings. For cover they were given blankets that provided no warmth or comfort whatever. The mattresses were placed on the earthen floor. Absorbing the moisture from the ground the shavings in them would rot away, and the mattress would become transformed into an ill-smelling, damp bag. In winter these mattresses often froze to the ground.

In order to keep warm the prisoners would lie close to each other, and sometimes one on

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A PRISON PEN FOR RUSSIANS

One of the blackest records in Germany's long list of misdeeds has been her inhuman treatment of the Russian prisoners. More than 500,000 of these unfortunates it is estimated already have succumbed to the hardships of prison life

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top of another. Diseases of all sorts were in this way communicated by one prisoner to another.

In Austria some prisoners would be placed in casements, which were entirely without windows or any means of ventilation. The air in these "stone sacks" would be thoroughly unfit for human beings. Indeed, everything in them would be entirely unfit for a habitation, and yet these rooms would be always full of prisoners.

The lodgings provided for physicians and officers who were taken prisoner were seldom any better. These were placed in barracks, with boards spread a few inches above the earthen floor. Straw mattresses and thin blankets were all that would be provided for them.

Such were and are the conditions in which the prisoners of war live in Germany and in Austria. Camp after camp is simply a repetition of the same story with but slight variations. Everywhere the lodgings that are provided for men taken prisoner in battle are infinitely worse than those that a cruel master usually provides for a dog or other dumb animals. Living in such lodgings, the prisoners naturally cannot keep their health. And their strength is further sapped by the lack of sufficient food.

Ordinarily the prisoners are supposed to have three "meals" a day. In the morning they are given coffee, or, sometimes, tea. The coffee is really a brown-gray mixture of chicory and water, unpalatable, and given to the prisoners without sugar or milk. Sometimes bread is given in the morning, and then it is supposed to last the whole day. The amount of bread varies from one-quarter to a whole pound; more often it is the former. And this bread is made of a mixture of flour with all sorts of things: bran, potato flour, crushed chestnuts, straw, wood shavings, etc.

The second meal consists of a soup, made of flour and some vegetables, mixed with hot water. In the evening the prisoners receive another portion of this soup and another cup of the same kind of coffee as they receive in the morning. Very seldom do they get any meat. Occasionally they are given pieces of herring or of cheese, but these are usually so stale that the prisoners find it impossible to eat them, no matter how hungry they are.

Just as in the matter of lodgings, there is very little variation from camp to camp in the matter of food. The coffee and the soup are almost universal, and their quality also scarcely changes from one camp to another. Neither in quantity nor in quality is the food given to the unfortunate prisoners ever sufficient to provide the nourishment that is needed. The prisoners are hungry all the time, always seeking for something to allay the pangs of hunger that constantly torture them. The Russian prisoners can almost always be found around the refuse piles, seeking for any leavings of food that may be found there. Prisoners have been found prone on the ground licking up the soup that had been spilled. Cruel punishments are provided for these attempts to rescue the leavings out of the refuse piles, but they are powerless to deter the starving prisoners. Severe punishments are also meted out to the French and English prisoners for any attempt to divide the food that they receive from their homes with their less fortunate Russian brethren. But seeing the intense sufferings of the Russian prisoners, the Frenchmen and the Englishmen often risk these punishments.

The soldiers on guard sometimes derive cynical amusement from the sufferings of the starving prisoners. Sometimes they would offer an extra piece of bread or a plate of soup to any man who would submit to being struck with a lash. And they always find men ready to buy a small amount of food with this cruel price.

From the very moment that they are captured the prisoners are not given enough food. When transported over railways, from the front to the camp, or from one camp to another, the prisoners are kept without food for several days at a time, sometimes as long as six days. In one instance parties of prisoners were driven on foot for nine days without being given a bite to eat. They lived on the raw vegetables that they succeeded in picking up in the fields, when their guards were not watching them, for this, too, is forbidden. The prisoners who were captured in the battles around the Mazurian Lakes were driven on foot for seven days without being given any food. Those who fell down, exhausted with the journey, were pierced to death with the bayonets.

The prisoners are not allowed to receive the bread which is sometimes given them when parties of them pass through villages with Slavic population. Any prisoner receiving

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"THE PRISONERS ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY

The Germans do not allow their prisoners of war sufficient food to give them strength enough to perform the tasks assigned them. The Russian prisoners can always be found around the refuse piles seeking for leavings of food

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such bread is beaten by the soldiers and the bread is taken away from him.

The prisoners are transported over railroads in freight cars. As many as eighty or ninety men are placed in a single car, so that there is no room for either lying or even sitting down. They are compelled to remain in standing position all the time, and are not allowed out of the car, which is closed tight and is provided with but one small window. Among the prisoners there are often sick and wounded ones, and their sufferings are intense. There have been cases when prisoners died on their feet in these crowded cars, and their bodies were not removed for several days.

It is very seldom that prisoners are given food of any kind during the period of their transportation. Their sufferings from hunger are intense, but even more dreadful are their sufferings from thirst. Any appeal for food or drink is met with derision by the soldiers. Even the German nurses are cruel beyond belief.

There is probably not a form of cruelty that has not been applied by the German soldiers to the prisoners of war. In some places, where prisoners were set to work in the fields, when they fall down on the ground exhausted with their labor, weak from starvation and the horrible lodging conditions, they were compelled to rise to their feet again by being pricked with bayonets. Then they were forced to stand in one place for hours at a time, with a sharp bayonet placed directly under their nose.

It is impossible even to enumerate all the forms of cruelty that the prisoners of war are compelled to undergo in Germany. And this cruelty is practised not only by the soldiers, but also by the officers, and even by the physicians. A Russian physician who had spent almost a year and a half in German prison camps, characterizes the German soldiers as wild beasts, the German officers as tyrants. But he considers that the German physicians, with very few exceptions, are trying to their utmost to surpass both the soldiers and the officers; they are worse than hangmen and executioners.

In one of the hospitals for prisoners of war the only means of ventilation provided were two small windows, placed in two opposite walls. The German physician in charge of this hospital gave orders that the windows should not be closed most of the time. But as the sick prisoners were not provided with warm blankets they disobeyed these orders in cold weather. Then the physician ordered the window panes removed and the windows kept open day and night. The hospital barrack was not heated, and the effects upon the unfortunate invalids can well be imagined.

The medical assistance given the prisoners is such that they often beg not to have their wounds redressed. As a rule wounds are dressed so carelessly and at such long intervals, that the effects of these dressings are more dangerous than the wounds themselves.

There is an unspeakable dearth of both materials and nurses to make really effective medical aid possible. In some places a single nurse has charge of two hundred and more sick and wounded, with the attending physician coming to the hospital but once a week. There is everywhere a lack of surgical instruments. Those that are in use are never sterilized, or even washed with water. The operations are performed with such carelessness and by such unskilled hands that men seldom live through them. Anaesthetics are seldom used and usually the man operated upon is tied to the table with a rope.

Soon after the revolution a Russian physician returned from Germany, where he had been kept as a prisoner of war for over a year. In addressing an assembly of soldiers and civilians, he said that he had brought to the people of Russia the tearful appeal from the millions of Russian martyrs who suffer unspeakable horrors in Germany. And he exhorted the soldiers to bear in mind that there is only one thing that makes the life of these unfortunate sufferers a little easier. "Every blow that you deliver at the front," said he, "makes the tyrants back there tremble and treat our poor prisoners better."

There is only one thing that the wild beasts, into which the discipline of generations and the three years of the war had converted the German soldiers, recognize, only one thing that makes them tremble; and that one thing is *force*. Will anything short of a crushing defeat compel these Germans to realize what a nightmare they have created for the whole world, as well as for themselves? Unless this nightmare, to which the sufferings of the Russian prisoners in Germany have added its darkest horrors, be shattered by a crushing defeat of those who had invented it, the whole world will suffocate in its poisonous meshes.

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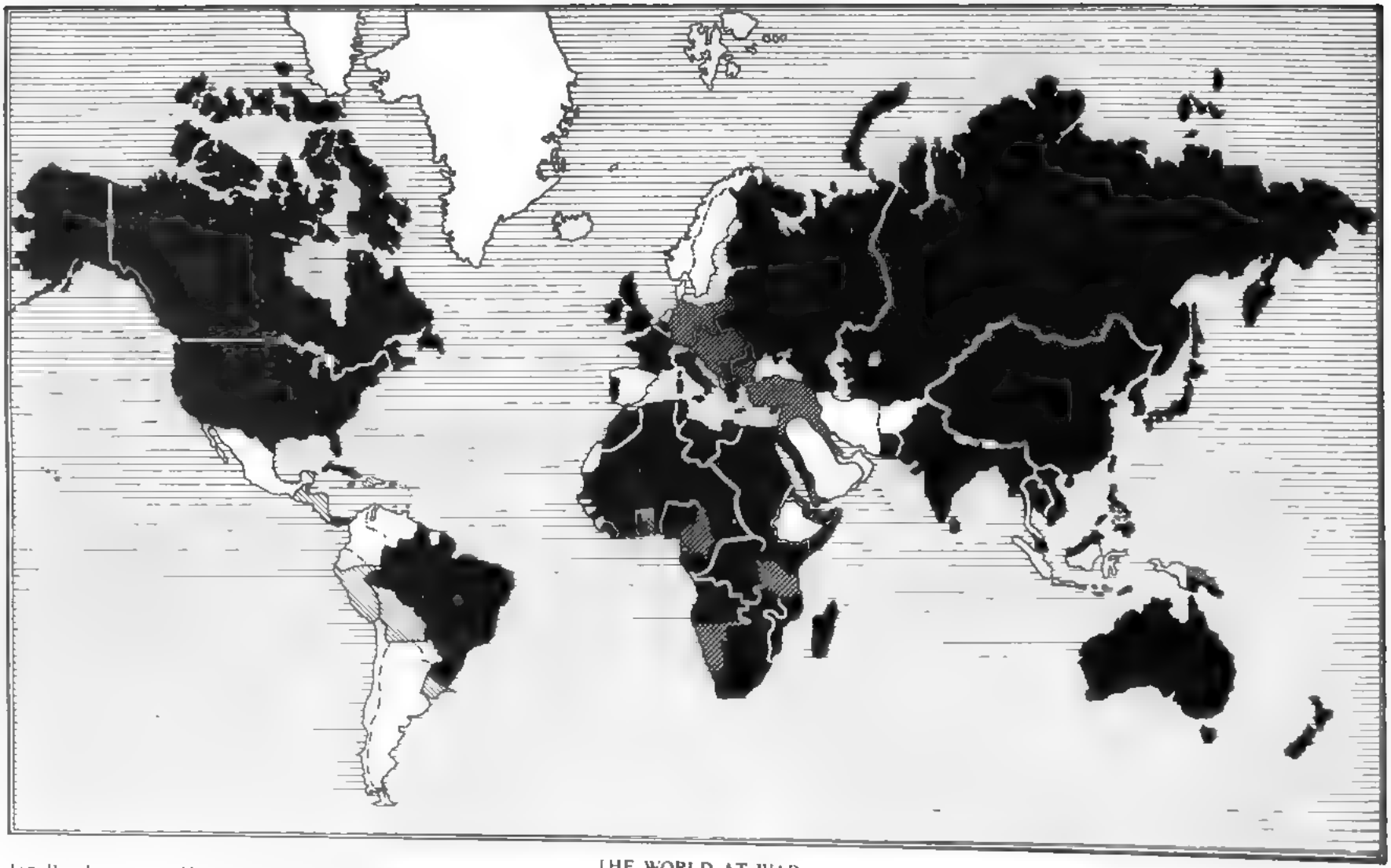

THE WORLD AT WAR

Ten Republics, seven Monarchies, and two Empires (black) have declared war upon the Central Powers (heavily shaded) and eight Republics (lined) have declared themselves opposed to militarism by severing diplomatic relations with Germany. Neutral countries are shown in white.

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The WORLD AGAINST GERMANY

FLAGS AND FACTS

ABOUT THE NATIONS WHO HAVE DECLARED THEMSELVES OPPOSED TO MILITARISM

Painted by J. M. Rosé

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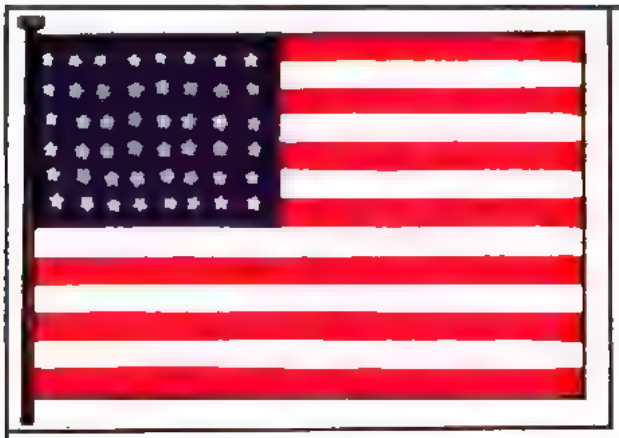
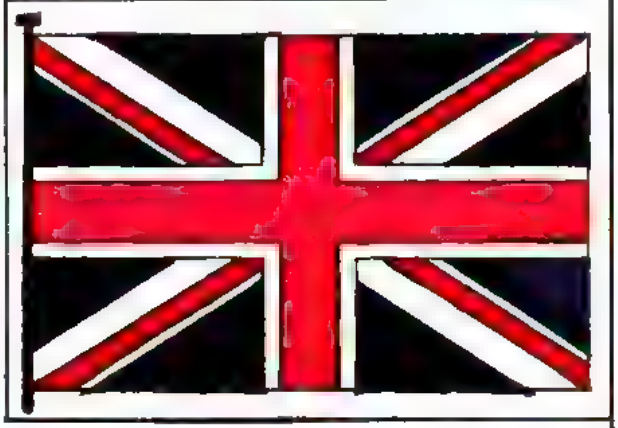


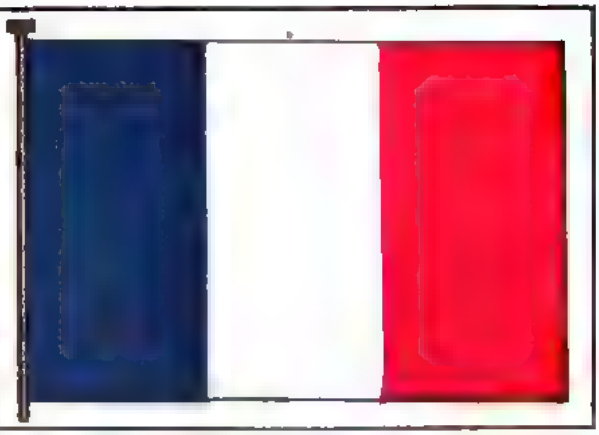
UNITED STATES

Government:	Republic
President:	Woodrow Wilson
Area:	3,027,000 square miles
Population:	103,600,000
Date of entering the war:	April 6, 1917
Army (war basis):	1,500,000
Navy:	About 15 dreadnoughts, 20 pre-dreadnoughts, 35 cruisers, 74 destroyers, 66 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $344,794,276; imports, $189,919,136 (1914)
Commerce with Germany after the war:	Exports, $288,899; imports, $13,943,743 (1916)
Greatest exports:	Raw cotton
Reason for entering the war:	To maintain the rights of nations, to protest against Germany's ruthless methods of warfare, and to make the world safe for democracy

GREAT BRITAIN

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	George V
Area.	7,625,000 square miles
Population:	61,650,000
Date of entering the war:	August 4, 1914
Army (present):	5,000,000
Navy:	About. 37 dreadnoughts, 25 pre-dreadnoughts, 128 cruisers, 262 destroyers, 116 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war.	Exports, $330,740,000; imports, $201,480,000
Greatest exports:	Iron and steel manufactures
Reason for entering the war:	To uphold Belgium's violated neutrality and aid her ally, France
National Wealth:	$85,000,000,000
National Debt.	$23,500,000,000



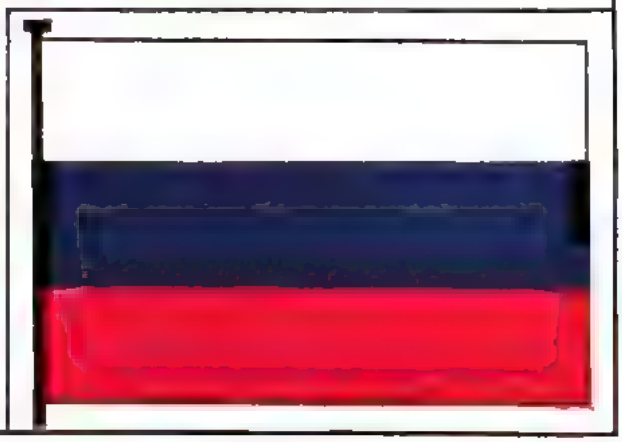


FRANCE

Government:	Republic
Ruler:	Raymond Poincaré
Area	207,000 square miles
Population:	40,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 3, 1914
Army (field strength):	2,000,000
Navy:	About: 12 dreadnoughts, 19 pre-dreadnoughts, 34 cruisers, 90 destroyers 100 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war.	Exports, $102,200,000; imports, $122,800,000
Greatest export:	Manufactured goods
Reason for entering the war:	In self defence against German attack
National Wealth:	$62,000,000,000
National Debt:	$20,000,000,000

RUSSIA

Government:	Republic (provisional) since March, 1917
Ruler:	?
Area:	8,373,000 square miles
Population:	170,000,000
Date of entering the war	August 1, 1914
Army (war basis):	5,000,000
Navy.	About: 7 dreadnoughts, 11 pre-dreadnoughts. 19 cruisers, 131 destroyers, 41 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $230,811,720; imports, $213,076,470
Greatest exports:	Food stuff, raw material
Reason for entering the war:	Russia has always claimed herself champion of the Slavs and protector of Serbia. When Austria declared war on the latter, Russia entered the war against the Central Powers



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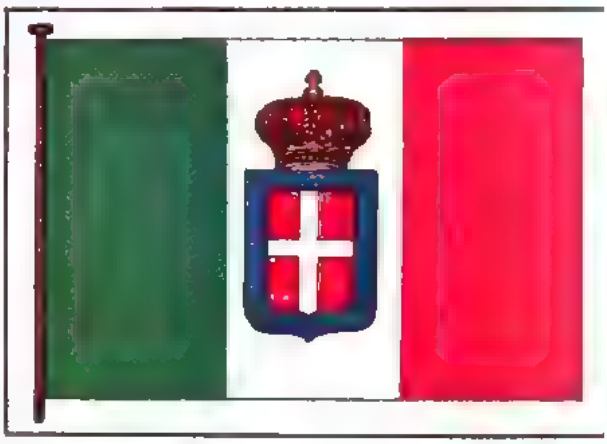
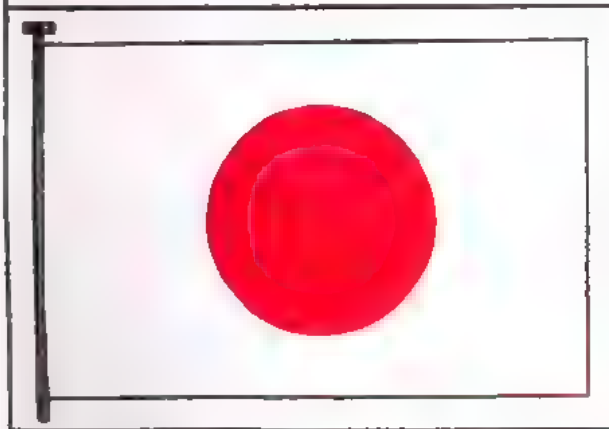
BELGIUM

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Albert
Area.	11,373 square miles
Population:	7,000,000
Date of entering the war.	August 4, 1914
Army	500,000
Navy	None
Merchant Marine:	184,000 tons
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, $126 730,000; imports, $79,120,000 (1913)
Greatest exports:	Wool, iron, flax
Reason for entering the war:	Refusal to allow Germany to violate her neutrality and attack France German troops invaded Belgium and after stubborn resistance occupied all but a small strip of territory



ITALY

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Victor Emmanuel III.
Area:	111,000 square miles
Population:	36,000,000
Date of entering the war:	May 23, 1915
Army (field strength):	4,000,000
Navy:	About 5 dreadnoughts, 7 pre-dreadnoughts, 24 cruisers, 48 destroyers, 26 submarines
Commerce with Germany	Exports, $64,000; imports, $100,600 (1914)
Greatest exports:	Raw silk, cotton and silk manufactures
Reason for entering the war:	To regain her lost provinces from Austria
National Wealth:	$25,000,000,000
National Debt:	$6,000,000,000



JAPAN

Government:	Limited monarchy
Ruler.	Yoshihito
Area	148,000 square miles
Population:	56,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 23, 1914
Army (field strength).	1,500,000
Navy:	About 10 dreadnoughts, 13 pre dreadnoughts, 25 cruisers 77 destroyers, 16 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, $34,247,000, imports, $22,416,000
Greatest exports:	Raw silk, cotton tissues
Reason for entering the war	To assist her ally, Great Britain, and maintain the peace of the Orient
National Wealth:	$28,000,000,000
National Debt	$1,300,000,000

SERBIA

Government:	Constitutional monarchy since 1889
Ruler:	Peter Karageorgevich I Ascended throne 1903
Area.	34,000 square miles
Population	4,600,000
Date of entering the war:	July 28, 1914
Army (war basis)	175,000
Navy	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $4,370,000; imports, $2,300,000
Greatest exports:	Wheat, hides, etc
Reason for entering the war:	Austria imposed 28 demands on Serbia, some of which it was obviously impossible for Serbia to accede to and maintain an independent sovereignty

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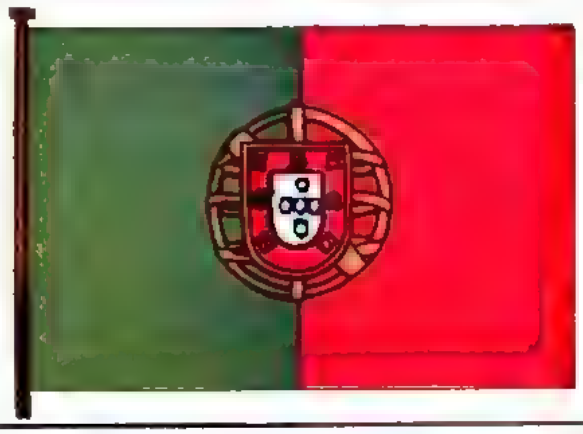


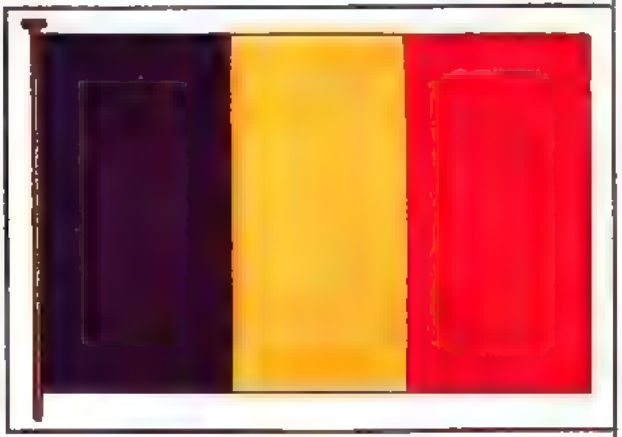
PORTUGAL

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr Bernardino Machado
Area:	36,000 square miles
Population:	6,000,000
Date of entering the war:	March 10, 1916
Army (peace basis)	400,000
Navy	About 3 dreadnoughts, 5 cruisers, 5 destroyers, 3 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $11,960,000; imports, $5,750,000 (1913)
Greatest export:	Food substances
Reason for entering the war:	To maintain her treaty with Great Britain
National Wealth:	$5,000,000,000
National Debt:	$1,100,000,000

RUMANIA

Government:	Constitutional monarchy since the year 1886
Ruler	Ferdinand I
Area:	54,000 square miles
Population:	7,500,000
Date of entering the war:	August 28, 1916
Army (war basis):	600,000
Navy:	1 cruiser, 4 destroyers
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $32,200,000; imports, $18,170,000 (1913)
Reason for entering the war.	To help Russia and thwart the designs of Turkey and Bulgaria

Shortly after her entrance into the war Rumania was invaded by the Germans who now hold the greater part of the country. The capital was removed from Bucharest to Jassy



MONTENEGRO

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Nicholas I
Area:	6,000 square miles
Population:	516,000
Date of entering the war.	August 7, 1914
Army (field strength).	40,000
Navy	None
Commerce with Germany before the war.	None
Greatest exports:	Fine woods and wines
Reason for entering the war:	The Montenegrins are close kin to the Serbs and entered the war to aid Serbia

In 1915 the Germans invaded and captured the kingdom. King Nicholas and the Government are now established in France at Neuilly sur-Seine

GREECE

Government:	Constitutional monarchy
Ruler:	Alexander
Area:	41,933 square miles
Population:	4,821,000
Date of entering the war:	June 29, 1917
Army (peace basis):	60,000
Navy:	7 pre-dreadnoughts, 14 destroyers, 2 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $5,520,000; imports, 5,980,000
Greatest exports:	Raw foods, raw minerals, and wine
Reason for entering the war:	To aid the Allies to restore the Balkan status quo.

Through the efforts of the former ruler Constantine I., Greece maintained her neutrality until June, 1917, when he was exiled

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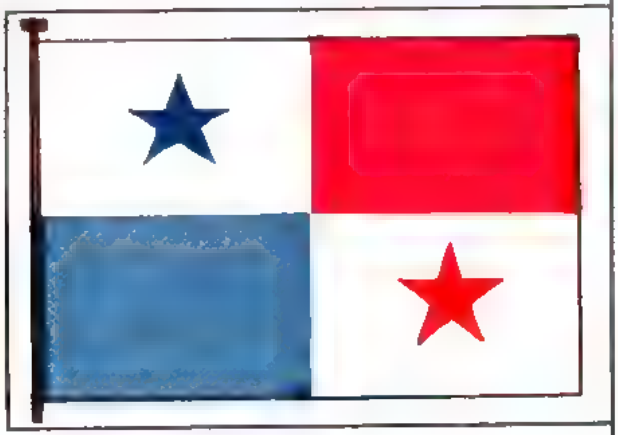
CUBA

Government:	Republic
President:	Mario G. Menocal
Area:	44,215 square miles
Population:	2,627,536
Date of entering the war:	April 7, 1917
Army (war basis)	44,400 The question of general conscription throughout the island is now being debated
Navy:	1 cruiser
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $7,820,000; imports, $2,990,000 (1913)
Greatest exports	Tobacco and sugar
Reason for entering the war.	To protest against the violation of the rights of international law and to back up the United States in her declaration of war against Germany

PANAMA

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr. Ramon M. Valdes
Area:	32,380 square miles
Population:	400,000
Date of entering the war:	April 7, 1917
Army (war basis):	None
Navy	"
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $690,000; imports, None (1913)
Greatest exports:	Coffee, cocoa
Reason for entering the war:	To aid the United States against Germany Panama was formerly a department of the Republic of Colombia but asserted its independence in 1903 and was recognized as an independent republic by the Powers.

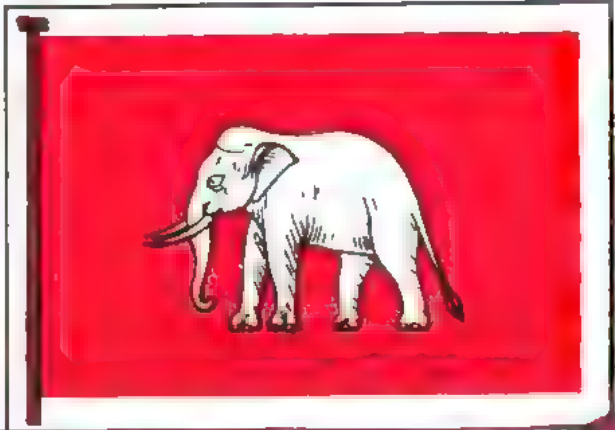


CHINA

Government:	Republic
President (Acting):	Feng Kuo-chang
Area:	4,278,352 square miles
Population:	336,000,000
Date of entering the war:	August 14, 1917
Army	700,000
Navy:	About 6 cruisers, 4 destroyers
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $1,404,150; imports, $1,927,541 (1914)
Greatest exports:	Raw and manufactured silk, tea, beans
Reason for entering the war:	To protest against Germany's ruthless submarine warfare

SIAM

Government:	Absolute monarchy
Ruler.	Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh
Area:	195,000 square miles
Population:	8,500,000
Date of entering the war:	July 22, 1917
Army	80,000
Navy:	21 small vessels
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $1,102,475; imports $1,205,585 (1914)
Greatest exports:	Cattle, teak, gold
Reason for entering the war:	To maintain the rights of small nations Siam is the only absolute monarchy in the ranks of the Allies who are fighting to overthrow despotism and establish democracy Feudalism is still in existence in the kingdom



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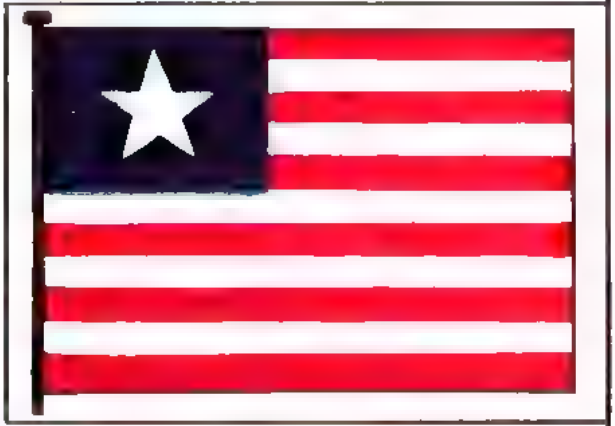
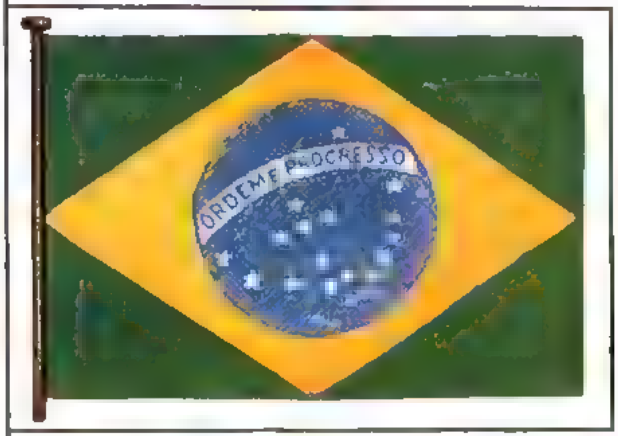
SAN MARINO

Government·	Independent Republic (the oldest state in Europe)
Ruler.	Two regents (appointed every six months)
Area	38 square miles
Population.	11,648
Revenue	$193,600
Expenditure:	$125,200
National Debt:	None
Army	1,000
Navy	None
Greatest exports.	Wine, cattle
Reason for entering the war·	At war with Austria only, on account of her treaty and friendship with Italy whose territory surrounds her

LIBERIA

Government.	Republic
President.	Daniel Howard
Area	40,000 square miles
Population·	2,100,000
Date of entering the war:	August 7, 1917
Army	None
Navy.	None
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $230,000, imports, $460,000
Greatest exports·	Rubber, coffee and ivory
Reason for entering the war:	To endorse the action of the United States, whose government and constitution Liberia has closely copied The population of Liberia is composed almost exclusively of negroes





BRAZIL

Government:	Republic
President:	Wenceslao Braz
Area:	3,300,000 square miles
Population	24,700,000
Date of entering war:	October 26, 1917
Army·	500,000
Navy:	About 2 dreadnoughts, 3 cruisers, 10 destroyers, 3 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $55,770,000; imports, $66,810,000 (1913)
Greatest exports.	Coffee and rubber
Reason for entering the war·	To protest against Germany's submarine warfare. Influenced by Portugal the mother country's—breaking with Germany

BOLIVIA

Government.	Republic
President:	J Gutierres
Area	708,000 square miles
Population:	2,900,000
Date of severing relations	April 13, 1917
Army	88,000
Navy.	None
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, $3,185,495; imports, $4,250,120
Greatest exports:	Silver, tin, rubber
Reason for severing relations:	In accordance with the action of other South American republics in repudiating Germany's inhuman methods of warfare

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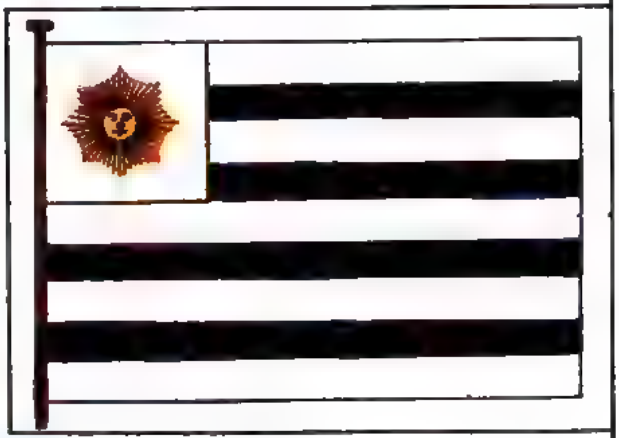
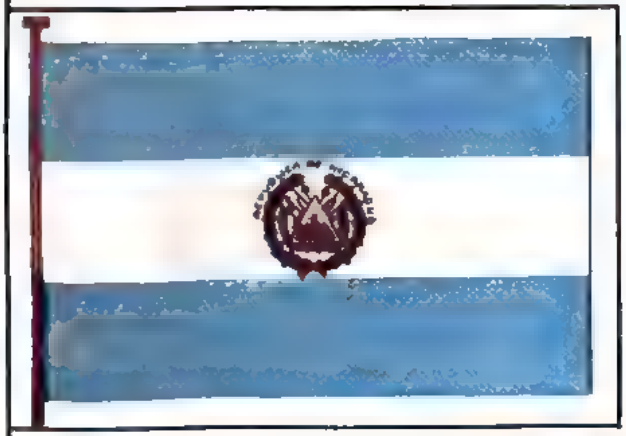
PERU

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr José Pardo
Area	722,461 square miles
Population	4,620,201
Date of severing relations.	October 5, 1917
Army (peace basis):	6,500
Navy	4 cruisers, 1 destroyer, 2 submarines
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $3,910,000; imports, $3,220,000
Greatest exports:	Sugar, copper, cotton
Reason for severing relations:	To protest against Germany's methods of warfare

URUGUAY

Government:	Republic
President:	Dr Feliciano Viera
Area	72,127 square miles
Population:	1,316,000
Date of severing relations:	October 7, 1917
Army	180,000
Navy:	1 cruiser, 1 destroyer
Revenue:	$29,450,000
Expenditures:	$29,520,000
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $8,050,000; imports, $9,890,000
Greatest exports:	Meat, wool, hides
Reason for severing relations:	Following the example of other American Republics





NICARAGUA

Government.	Republic
President:	General Emiliano Chamorro
Area.	49,200 square miles
Population:	703,540
Date of severing relations:	May 19, 1917
Army	40,000
Navy	None
National Debt:	$5,500,000
Commerce with Germany before the war:	Exports, $578,100; imports, $403,515
Greatest exports:	Bananas, timber
Reason for severing relations:	Failure of Germany to respect International Law and to back the United States up in her declaration of war

HONDURAS

Government.	Republic
President.	Francisco Bertrand
Area	44,275 square miles
Population:	562,000
Date of severing relations:	May 18, 1917
Army	56,000
Navy	None
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, $164,607, imports, $521,837
Greatest exports.	Bananas, cocoanuts
Reason for severing relations:	Supported the United States on its attitude against Germany's submarine policy

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GUATEMALA

Government:	Republic
President:	Manuel Estrada Cabrera
Area	48,290 square miles
Population:	2,119,000
Date of severing relations:	April 28, 1917
Army	125,000
Navy	None
Revenue.	$66,200,000
Expenditure:	$63,095,000
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, $7,653,557; imports, $2,043,329
Greatest exports	Coffee, bananas
Reason for breaking relations:	Germany gave no guarantees of safety for shipping

COSTA RICA

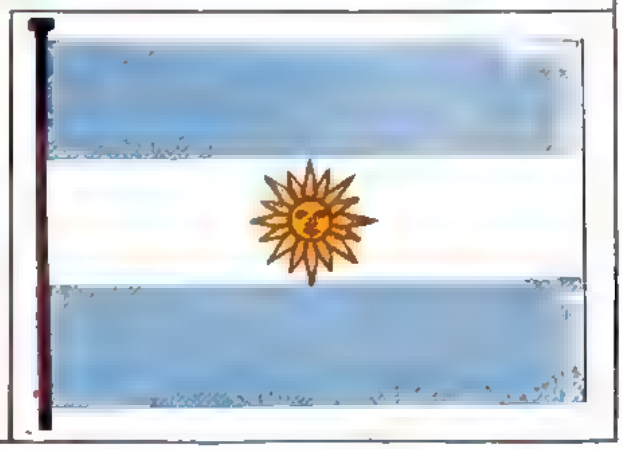
Government:	Republic
President:	J. J Tinoco
Area	18,691 square miles
Population	420,000
Date of severing relations:	September 21, 1917
Army	52,000
Navy:	None
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, $460,000; imports, $1,510,000
Greatest exports	Bananas and coffee
Reason for severing relations.	To support the United States in her declaration of war against Germany Placed all material resources in hands of the United States for a more complete coöperation against Germany

HAITI

Government:	Republic
President:	Sudre Dartiguenave
Area	10,204 square miles
Population:	2,500,000
Date of severing relations	June 19, 1917
Army	5,000
Navy	1 cruiser
Commerce with Germany before the war	Exports, none; imports, $338,004
Greatest exports:	Coffee, cocoa, sugar
Reason for severing relations	Her demands for safety on the seas were ignored The majority of the population of Haiti are negroes. French is the universal language Haiti is at present under the protection of United States Marines

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Government:	Republic
President.	Hipolito Irigoyen
Area	1,153,119 square miles
Population	8,000,000
Army:	500,000
Navy:	2 dreadnoughts, 2 predreadnoughts, 6 cruisers, 11 destroyers
Commerce with Germany (1915)	Exports, none, imports, $11,306 620
Greatest exports	Live stock, agriculture
Reason for severing relations.	Although the Senate and Chamber of Deputies voted to break relations with Germany after the disclosure of Germany's duplicity in the Swedish Embassy in Buenos Aires the President has not yet ratified the break



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DRIVING FOR FRANCE.

The Letters of a Young American Girl Describing Her Experiences While Driving an Inspector for the American Fund for French Wounded and Delivering Hospital Supplies in the Reconquered Portion of France

BY

DOROTHY TREAT ARNOLD

NOYON, FRANCE.

DEAR FATHER:

We left Paris in the truck passing through Compiègne, the headquarters of the French General Staff, and on through woods, fortunately not damaged as the Germans withdrew too quickly after the battle of the Marne. Trenches run through them at intervals, but not until we came out into the little village of Tracy Le Val did we see the real destruction done by the war. That town was the line of defense for two years, and is a mass of ruins, owing to the intermittent artillery fire from both sides. The débris has been cleared from the main highway, and we passed between lines of ruined houses. Trenches zig-zag in every direction: they run through gardens, across the road, under walls, through the cellars, crossing and recrossing—an almost endless web, and an ideal place to get lost in. To avoid this, at every crossing there are wooden signs marking the direction, or rather the name of the trench to which they lead. We saw signs, "Vers Maison Rouge;" and above the remains of a tiny red brick house, "Boyot Prince Ruprecht," leading to a row of dugouts; and the most important "Poste de Secours," marked also by a red cross of cloth on a wooden square. There the French and German trenches were so close together that it was impossible for us to distinguish between them. But when we found a piano in a dugout, twenty-five feet below ground, we decided that that trench at least was German! Everything is being cleaned out of the trenches by the French Engineers and German prisoners; and wooden walks, stoves, bottles, etc., lie neatly piled along the roads.

At the turn of the road are the remains of the village church. The façade still stands, but the side walls and tower have fallen in. At the entrance is a sign, "Please respect these ruins, they were once the House of God."

From Tracy we passed across a small plain covered with trenches, shell holes, barbed wire, and flowers—a tiny no-man's land! In the woods beyond, German prisoners were clearing up the débris they had helped to make. They were dismantling bombproofs, and rolling up barbed wire.

A little farther we passed a cemetery in the woods built by the Germans for their dead. A large chain surrounds a square with rows of white stone crosses, beautifully carved, and a large central monument to the regiment quartered there. Another part is full of wooden crosses, carved and shellacked, some with the date of death as late as March 3, 1917. Each grave has a cross of boxwood, or flowers growing on it.

Almost opposite this cemetery is a group of German officers' bombproof huts: All that we went into had two rooms, and some had three. The central hut of the group had wooden walks leading up to it, with handrails of white birch. The roof was covered with grass and ferns and edged with the same white birch. A little garden with a box hedge and flowers surrounded it, and a sleeping lion carved in stone, a foot high, was over the door. To one side was a small summer house with table and chairs. The furniture had been thrown out and the remains of a beautifully carved mahogany sofa, a desk, and a marble-topped table were scattered on the ground. A charming little round mahogany table was also lying near by with a big upholstered chair. The usual large amount of champagne bottles were very much in evidence!

The Cathedral spires of Noyon were in sight as we left the woods, and soon we were in one of the most talked of towns in France. Here the Germans had mined many houses, we found, but cut the canal dam too soon, thus flooding the mines before they went off; but they cut all the drain pipes, so that chloride

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of lime has to be sprinkled every day in the gutters. The wells and pumps are all marked: a blue sign with *Eau Potable, Eau bon à boire.* (Water, fit to drink) or a red sign, *Eau Dangereuse Défense de Boire* (Poisoned Water, Drinking forbidden).

We went at once to the Captain in charge of the civilian work. An officer was sent to show us the house which had been assigned to us for our little shop. We had expected to live on the top floor, and had each brought a bed, chair and table; but we stopped at the hotel, hoping to find a room there. The proprietrice told us that she had plenty of rooms, but not a piece of furniture as the Germans had destroyed everything they could not take away. This fitted in nicely for us and we moved our furniture in, after the rooms had been scrubbed from top to bottom. My room has one small window, but there is always plenty of air, as a bomb fell on the back half of the house smashing all the windows and part of the roof, and the Germans have cut holes for stovepipes in the walls.

DEAR FATHER:

The picturesqueness of this place impresses one very much. The officers ride in the morning, and to-day General H——, commanding this Army, passed with his aides, and two soldiers in steel helmets followed, with bright uniforms, fine horses, etc.—like the wars of long ago! Long lines of Paris motor-busses, painted gray, wait near the station to get fresh meat for the Army. They have huge letters, "S. V. F." (*Service Viand Fraiche*), painted on each side. The other evening there was an out-of-door "movie," as it was a church holiday, and the Cathedral Square was crowded with soldiers waiting until it was dark enough to throw on the picture. A camion carries the electrical power and machine, and a screen is put on the side of a house. As soon as darkness comes comic pictures are shown which keep the men in gales of laughter. The color effect was wonderful; the fading light, the dusty blue uniforms, lit up by that of an officer with the traditional red trousers. The same dusky gray of the church, and a sky from which the sunset light was leaving the clouds, obliterating them into a harmonious covering of the selfsame gray-blue—truly the "bleu d'horizon," the wonderful blue of France!

Tuesday afternoon we went into the Cathedral to see the beautiful cloisters. The sacristan's wife came out of a crowd at one end of the nave to answer our bell. We asked what was going on, and she said that Monsieur *l'Archepretre* was expected any minute. He was coming back from Germany where he had been deported in February. We asked her how the Cathedral had fared during the occupation. She told us that the Germans came immediately to her husband, asking for the subterranean passage where the treasure was supposed to be kept. They denied the existence of any such passage. The family, including two children, were put in prison for a week, and the father sent to Germany. One day as she was sweeping the church, an officer entered and told her that if any one was seen in the towers she would be immediately shot. She told him that as she was only a woman he had better keep the keys himself. He was rather astonished, but took them to the Hôtel de Ville. Every so often they would come "treasure hunting." As they retreated, an officer and men came for a last look and ordered her to open all the doors of the sacristy. She took us into the sacristy and went over the scene, as she had done it that day. The room is panelled in oak, and behind one of the panels was the treasure chest. She first opened the door, partly covering that panel, then all the other doors around the room, and came back and stood against the first door. They were in a hurry, and seeing nothing but vestments went out. In the most simple way she told us that she had been given strength and presence of mind by a relic and the Dean's cross which she carried in her pocket. She was so happy, because in a few moments she was to see the Dean, and had the good news to tell him that the treasure, which he thought gone, was still safe.

DEAR FATHER:

We took our first trip into the country to-day.

From Noyon to Ham the road runs straight, mile after mile, often with barbed wire on each side disappearing in the rye or among the poppies, and a few trenches and gun emplacements under some trees in the fields. Railroads and bridges were all torn up; the beautiful trees on each side of the road were cut, in places where they could be used for camouflage. But the towns were in fairly good condition on that road. We passed signs: "*Route Gardé—attention aux Consignes,*" and "*Camions ne doublez pas.*" At Ham we had the first

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glimpse of destruction, in the ruin of the famous old château where Jeanne d'Arc was once a prisoner. On the right of the village church is an aviators' cemetery with a central monument of two airplane propellers, forming a big cross. Two of the graves were decorated with American flags.

At Chauny, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, you pass block after block of the most complete desolation. Every house mined systematically, not one standing; beds, with desks and chairs, sticking out from the ruins. All the bridges have been blown up, and temporarily rebuilt. At one of these the French sentry stands in a German sentry box still painted black and white.

We passed several ruins with a wisteria vine in full bloom clinging to a piece of wall, or peonies growing in what was once a garden. Nothing is left but flowers—that is the most pathetic part of it. They grow just the same; reminding you that not long ago people lived happily there.

We passed orchards of fruit trees, cut by the Germans on the ground that they afforded protection for batteries. Some of the trees were still in bloom and many have been grafted by the French Engineers in the hope of saving them. It is marvelous how the French Army thinks of everything. As we came up a hill we passed a sign: *Gaz*, meaning that unless we had masks with us we should go no farther. A little beyond was another sign: *Éteignez vos phares* (Put out your lights), and at the top of the hill, *Cette pointe est vue de l'ennemi, n'arrêtez pas* (This point is in sight of the enemy. Do not stop). We came around a hill, in full view of the ruins of the wonderful castle of Coucy. The Lords of Coucy were so proud that their motto was "*Roi ni suis, ni Prince, ni Duc aussi. Je suis le sire de Coucy.*" The hillside is now a mass of dust colored stone, impressive still by its tremendous size. (Neither King, nor Prince, nor Duke am I. I am the Sire of Coucy.) The hillside is now a mass of dust colored stone, impressive still by its tremendous size. The soldiers told The Germans used 60,000 pounds of dynamite to raze the dungeon alone. At the top of the hill we were stopped, and the sentry told us that the Germans were in the woods about three miles away.

Our first consignment of cases is unpacked and everything arranged in the shop within easy reach for repacking when called for by the hospitals. We visited hospitals to-day. Our first was the Evacuating Hospital in Noyon of seven hundred beds, all in tents or temporary barracks. This is the first one of its kind I have ever been through, and it is wonderfully interesting especially the "auto-chir" half. That is fascinating, and consists of motor trucks which carry the electric power, X-ray machine, tent, portable operating room, and some tents with beds. They move with the army and can be ready to work at the new station in two days. In most of the hospitals the demand seems to be the same—for the standard things; extra surgical instruments, rubber gloves, hot water bottles and pajamas. They never have enough pajamas; the men have to leave them when they are transferred, which hurts them terribly. They love, especially, light pink and blue ones. Saturday there was to be a concert in the evening and we took fifty pink and blue pajamas to the hospital that afternoon. When we came back for the concert the nurse told us that the men had spent all afternoon choosing which color was the most becoming. The lucky fifty were so proud when they were carried into the concert tent that they would hardly let the stretcher bearers put the blankets over them, for fear of covering up their new clothes. The others, for we only had enough for two wards, looked on with great envy, as first a pink and then a blue stretcher went by, each occupant making himself as conspicuous as possible. One boy of eighteen with a fractured hip—the baby of the ward (though twice the size of any of the men)—chose pink and was promptly named *Le Bébé Rose*, much to his embarrassment.

DEAR FATHER:

Monday we went beyond Roye. There were shell holes one after the other in a line right across an orchard, and right in the middle of the trenches. They certainly had the range that time! The road had shell holes in it which have not yet been filled in, and at some places there was hardly room for the motor to pass. This is the first time we have seen a road that was not perfectly repaired, and it was extremely interesting. We went into the trenches a little ways, but the only things that we saw were hand grenades, which we had the sense not to touch. We motored over to Vaubin, near Soissons, to visit a hospital. On this road again we crossed part of what

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used to be "no-man's land" and had a very good idea of the battle line of France. Over the rolling country stretches the almost endless zig-zag of trenches, whitened now by the sun, like some huge prehistoric skeleton lying in a mass of grass and barbed wire. Sometimes a line of poppies cross the field, giving a very vivid picture, as they seem to thrive best on this newly upturned soil of the trench tops. We passed hundreds of big trucks, returning from the front beyond Soissons, where they had taken infantry reserves, among them some of the famous Senegalese, the black attacking troops of France. The drivers were white with dust and very tired. Over each man hung his rifle, gas mask and canteen; and where there were two men, one was always sleeping—sitting up and swaying from side to side as if he would fall any minute.

DEAR FATHER:

We are much interested in the people who have come back to their ruined homes, and are using all our spare time looking up and helping them in every way we can. We met the Prefect of Ham and St. Quentin, who is greatly absorbed in his work and was delighted to find someone else who wanted to help. He came for us in his military motor one morning, and, after lunching at the prefecture, took us on a wonderful ride to the ruined villages between Ham and St. Quentin. We went within six kilometres of the Cathedral. He told us that the Germans were looking at us from their observation post in the Cathedral tower, but that they evidently did not think we were worth firing at. One of the English Quakers went with us, as they are planning to build fifty portable houses in five of those towns, and I think that the Prefect hoped we would become interested enough to fit out the people who would come back to live in those houses. The Quakers have specialized in this work both in this war and the war of 1870 and are in complete accord with the French Government which gives them every facility, especially in the matter of transportation, which is the most difficult problem in that work. Their mills are in the Vosges where the timber is cut and the sections put together. And, thanks to the Government, they are able to ship their material with comparative ease. The houses cost 1200 francs for two rooms, and more for larger houses.

There is another line in which the Quakers are working; it is the reroofing of houses still standing, solid but without roofs, the roofs having been blown off by the upward explosion of the mine. If after examination the Quakers find that the keystone of the cellar arch, and certain other parts are true, they consider the house worth reroofing. If such a house is reroofed before the frost of the coming winter sets in, it will be as good as new; otherwise the frost, getting between the bricks, will crack the walls and the house will be ruined. If the roof can be put on such a house now, it will not only be saving the extra expense of building a whole portable house, but will save the Government both time and money in rebuilding the house after the war. And, best of all, it will give the poor old souls who come back, the wonderful surprise of being able to live and die in their old home.

Thursday we went out to Ollezy. This is the last town with anything standing so the Major told me. From there on there is not a house. People who have come back to see what was left of their homes have not been able even to find where their street was, much less their house. Everything has been mined or smashed with a ram. The lovely château, with priceless Fifteenth Century tapestries and other beautiful things, and surrounded by a beautiful park, is now a mass of ruins. The trees are all cut and everything portable has been taken away except the tapestries, which instead of sending to Germany they used as rugs, wearing holes in them and ruining them. The Major told us that the soldiers had found sacks full of dead dogs and cats, addressed to people in Germany, and left behind in the retreat, which looks as if they might be hard up for fats.

We started to help the people in the tiny town of Behericourt, a few miles from Noyon. There were one hundred and twenty inhabitants, but the war has reduced them to seventy-five. They have had no help. As we went from house to house we heard the most pitiful stories of their life during the occupation. They all needed clothes, not having had any since the war began. We looked for their kitchen utensils, hoping to find that they had saved some, but all that the Germans could not take they had shot holes through. They had been evacuated to Noyon in February for a month, while the soldiers pillaged their houses. What they could carry, besides three days' food and blankets, was very little, as they were all under fifteen or over sixty years old.

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Before they left, all between those ages were told to be at the château at a certain time with their bundles to go to Germany to work. Twelve girls and thirty-two men (the number of men was due to the Germans advancing before their regiments had been called out) went away; the women with little children were allowed to stay, but their husbands were forced to go. We asked them what they needed most and the answer was always the same, "Give us news of our children, and we can get along." It is over three months since they have gone, and not a person has had a word. The uncertainty is driving them mad, but they still cling to the forlorn hope that these children will come back after the harvest, as the Germans said. Everyone has at least one member of the family missing. One old woman of seventy-five, deaf and partly blind, her daughter gone, is trying to live on in her house where every table, chair, cupboard, and the stove are broken—not taken for firewood, as only a leg, a door, or a drawer is gone.

We have been into every house in the village, and it was always the same—the most systematical destruction of everything that they could not carry away. Mattresses were slit up and thrown out of doors, every pane of glass is broken, which makes a tremendous problem for the Government this winter, as it is very cold there. They are trying substitutes of oiled cloth which keep the wind out, but let in no light. There is a Japanese paper which they say would be good, but it cannot be had in large enough quantities, and glass is, of course, out of the question. All the beautiful handwoven linen sheets of which they were so proud are in Germany. One woman carried her ten pair to Noyon instead of food, and is now the proudest woman in the village. Of course, all the agricultural implements are gone. The Germans did not stop at the general destruction of household things, but went into the little individual details, and as they had lived two and a half years with these people they knew very well where they could hurt them most.

Mme. Muselle, one of the most charming old ladies I have ever met, is seventy-five years old. She told us that her husband died at sixty-five, "so very young!" Four of her grandsons are fighting for France; one has been killed. She had their pictures in a row on her mantel. When she came back from Noyon the picture of the one killed had been torn and partly burned; the others were unharmed. She had a prayer book—"Mon Livre," as she called it—the only book she could see to read as it is printed in huge type. She used to sit at her door and read it. She could not find it when she came back and was very distressed, as it had a prayer for every morning and every evening. On cleaning up the yard she found it under a pile of filthy straw, badly stained and almost illegible. Her only bonnet, which she wore to mass, was in the same place. She goes to the woods every day to gather faggots, and had a big dull knife with which she cut them down. The wooden handle of that knife was burned so that she could not get a grip on it. Her stove was smashed and she cooks on a pot hanging over an open fire. As she has nothing to cut the faggots with, she lays them across the room in opposite directions and pushes them in as they burn. In spite of all this, she is still able to see the bright side of life, and we often saw her sitting on a soap box (though she has a fine new chair she is afraid of hurting) reading her "book" in the evening after a hard day's work in her garden.

There was great excitement last night; full moon and a boche airplane over Noyon. I was out walking about ten P. M. with my companion when an airplane, so low that it looked like a huge black beetle, flew slowly over our heads and then the most awful crash! We were fascinated, and stood in the middle of the street watching as the 75s and mitrailleuses started full blast. The soldiers pulled us against a house, saying we might get hit with the pieces of shrapnel which were falling from the shells all the time.

All the searchlights were playing and finally one caught the airplane so well that you could see the cross on the underside of the wings. It did not bother him, and he took his time, dropping two incendiary bombs and then flew slowly off. I never expected to hear the 75s as close as that, though we had heard the mitrailleuses quite close before.

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FARTHEST NORTH FOR THE RED CROSS

The Log of a Field Representative of the Red Cross Who Visited Alaska to Establish Chapters and Organize the Workers Throughout the Peninsula

BY

ROBERT H. SCOTT

DURING the week of the War Fund drive, the territory of Alaska evinced a patriotism and generosity in its contributions out of all proportion to the amount of organization work that had been done there. Thousands of dollars were raised in places where no organization had even been contemplated, and the enthusiasm shown in many parts made it appear that their spirit of patriotism and generosity should, if possible, be made more effective by perfecting organizations in the leading towns. For this reason, Mr. John L. Clymer, of the Pacific Division, suggested that I pay a visit to that territory at the first possible opportunity and spend such time there during August and September as the prospective results would justify.

When I stepped off the gang-plank on to the dock at Ketchikan, the first port of entry in Alaska, and found my hand lost in the cordial grip of a college friend and by him was successively introduced to the Mayor and the leading business men of that busy little town, I felt that this welcome indeed presaged a successful trip.

It would be superfluous to cover the details of our conference, but the outcome was the establishing of a Ketchikan Chapter with jurisdiction over southeastern Alaska, south of 56° North Latitude, and with practically every man and woman of prominence assuring the new organization of full and immediate cooperation and support.

At Wrangell, our next stop, as in Ketchikan, the leading people have interested themselves with gratifying enthusiasm in the work, and they have an organization which is producing creditable results. The town has a population of 800 and from this population alone, supplemented by the assistance rendered by a few adjoining camps, they have a present membership in excess of 650. This is certainly a record worthy of emulation by some of our more complacent Chapters south of the 49th Parallel.

Arriving at Juneau, the Capital city, I was introduced to the Manager of the Goodyear Rubber Company for the Northwest Territory, F. S. West, who had just returned from a tour along the Yukon River, through the interior, and from him learned that a visit to the interior would not be justified, owing to its remoteness and the lateness of the season.

THE FOUR DIVISIONS OF ALASKA

He explained that Alaska would fall into four main divisions for purposes of administration; Southeastern, Southwestern, Interior and the Nome District. The two former divisions I personally visited; the two latter will of necessity be handled by correspondence. In addition to these there is a small, somewhat isolated district, known as the Iditarod District. The Interior Division embraces the points along the Yukon and

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Tanana rivers, the principal one being Fairbanks, an incorporated town with a present population of about 5,000, engaged in gold placer mining. About 500 acres of the soil is under cultivation and while excellent crops are obtained from the land now under development, there appear to be certain natural limitations to development along this line, the chief of these being the prohibitive expense of shipment of these products to the outside world. Nenana, a short distance from Fairbanks, is a government railroad town under the jurisdiction of the Railroad Commission. Its population this Summer was about 1,000 but with the decision on the part of the Government to defer the completion of the road between Anchorage and Fairbanks until the close of the war, its future population is problematic. Tanana is merely a transfer point with a population of about 200. Ruby, 120 miles below Tanana, is a supply point for several gold placer mines of that vicinity and has a population of about 500. The other points along the Yukon are Fort Yukon, Circle, Eagle and Rampart, none of which exceeds 50 to 100 whites. The entire division will be covered by the Tanana Valley Chapter which has already effected a temporary organization and has a membership of several thousand.

Nome is an incorporated town of about 2,500 engaged in gold placer mining, and will be the headquarters of a Chapter embracing the camps of Council, Galovin, Salmon, Teller, Kewallak, Deering and Dime Creek.

The Iditarod District is a small, isolated district embracing the towns of Iditarod and Flat with a total population not exceeding 1,000.

These districts of the interior, the Iditarod and Nome, are handicapped by their isolation and although the lines of communication are satisfactorily maintained during the summer months, they receive only first-class mail in Winter and must pay a toll of 25 cents per pound for shipments by express.

From the 2nd to the 19th of August, I visited the towns of southeastern Alaska.

JUNEAU'S GREAT WORK

The Chapter at Juneau was established before I arrived and is effectively handling a principal part of the territory in the northern section of southeastern Alaska. The present membership is in excess of 2,000, with a highly creditable proportion of life members. Eighteen boxes of surgical dressings and two boxes of miscellaneous supplies have already been sent to the Supply Service warehouse and materials are now on hand for 200 additional pairs of pajamas. From thirty to forty women meet in their workrooms two or three times a week to prepare these supplies and their efforts are admirably supplemented by the untiring efforts of about seventy-five others who carry on the work in their homes. A First Aid class was just graduating as I left and the Finance Committee informed me that their campaign for Chapter funds was being met with a hearty response, the Alaska-Gastineau mine alone having 187 miners who have agreed to contribute not less than $1.00 per month during the period of the war.

Across the channel from Juneau, the Douglas-Treadwell Chapter is maintaining a Chapter in the face of a disheartening occurrence at the time of their organization. On the 28th of last April, the two towns represented a thriving mining community and with the joy of patriotism and prospective success, they organized a Chapter that afternoon. At midnight the same night, came the great cave-in. A mine which had been producing millions of revenue and employing from 750 to 1,000 men, had been undermined too far and in a few minutes' time the walls gave way, completely demolishing the mine and filling its ramifications with sea water. The tide now ebbs and flows through the shafts and into the "glory hole" which once meant so much for the prosperity of the town.

Leaving Juneau on the S. S. *Spokane*, I visited Haines, Skagway, Sitka and returned to Ketchikan to complete my work there. These first three are small towns of limited resources but they are carrying on the work of the Red Cross with remarkable enthusiasm.

Returning from Ketchikan, we touched for a few moments again at Wrangell, where our boat was greeted with a surprising welcome. It was explained to us, however, that this was not to be considered personal, but gastronomical, rather. The citizens of Wrangell had been without fresh meat for five days prior to our arrival and, as the Editor of the Wrangell *Sentinel* said, "they were certainly getting hungry."

It appeared advisable to go direct to Anchorage, the farthest point westward in southwestern Alaska, so the following Saturday I sailed for that port. We passed by many remarkable glaciers running down to the Gulf

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of Alaska, all of them, as we were informed, being arms of a wonderful inland lake of ice, back in the heart of the Alaska mountains.

We arrived at Controller Bay in the evening and caught a glimpse of the new Government railroad and dock which are being built at Katalla, tapping the beds of anthracite coal in that locality.

THE BISHOP'S JOKE

At Cordova, I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Rowe, the head of the Episcopal Church in Alaska, who is a splendid up-standing sort of a man, highly esteemed by the men with whom he works and respected by all classes. They tell a story of the Bishop, who is an experienced "musher," that one winter day as he was going along the trail to the interior, he met an old "sour-dough" going in the opposite direction and inquired of him the character of the trail over which his chance acquaintance had passed. "That trail," the "sour-dough" responded, not recognizing the Bishop, "is certainly the —— I ever came over in my life. By the way," he added, "how is the trail that you just came over?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, brother," answered the Bishop, "it's just about the same sort of a trail."

Leaving Seward we arrived in Anchorage harbor at noon, where we anchored and since there is no dock to which large boats can tie, we were carried ashore by the launch provided for that purpose, followed by our baggage on a lighter.

Anchorage is a town of about 5,000 population, situated on the line of the railroad that the United States Government is building from Seward to Fairbanks and is managed by the Alaska Engineering Commission which has charge of the building of the road. Its harbor is open to navigation during the summer months only, through Cook Inlet, but when it freezes over during the winter, all supplies must be shipped by dog team across the Kenai Peninsula from Seward. The decision of the Government to discontinue the construction of the railroad between Anchorage and Fairbanks may affect the prosperity of the town, although it appears certain that the road will be completed between Seward to Anchorage and from Anchorage to the coal fields in that vicinity. These Chickaloon and Matanuska coal fields produce an excellent quality of semi-bituminous coal suitable for naval use, and an abundant supply of immature coal or lignite suitable for domestic use. There are also some copper and gold mines in that vicinity in a state of development. In the country north of Anchorage, agriculture and dairying are being successfully engaged in, while hog and chicken raising are likewise being developed.

The fertile though shallow soil, together with the long days of summer and the abundant rainfall seem to mature an excellent quality of vegetables and berries, as well as satisfactory crops of hay and grain. Flowers reach a size and beauty superior to the finest hothouse products in the States. Through the courtesy of the Engineering Commission I was able to go to the end of the railroad, sixty miles north of Anchorage, and from there by horseback and wagon fourteen miles to the next construction camp, preaching, as the opportunity presented itself, the gospel of the Red Cross and finding an intelligent and ready response when I urged their assistance for the Chapter to be established at Anchorage.

AN ALASKAN FAIR

An Agricultural and Industrial Fair had been arranged to be held in Anchorage from the third to the fifth of September and, in addition to organizing a Chapter there, I remained to address a public meeting held the first night of the Fair. An attractive float was prepared for the parade, which opened the festivities on that day. It represented the "Angel of Mercy" with hands outstretched over the soldier, sailor and Red Cross nurse. Five army tents adorned with the insignia and campaign slogans of the Red Cross were placed at the principal corners of the town, with the announced intention, apparently fulfilled later, of receiving several thousand new memberships.

While in Anchorage, I received a cable from Headquarters, requesting me, if possible, to be in Seattle by the 20th.

On the trip from Anchorage to Seward, we traveled by speeder, which is similar to a hand-car except that it is operated by motor power, down to the camp of Potter Creek located at Turnagain Arm. It was about half past five when we arrived there and although it had been explained to me that in this body of water the tidal variation is second highest in the world—being second only to the Bay of Fundy—the fact had not especially impressed itself upon my mind. The engineer showed

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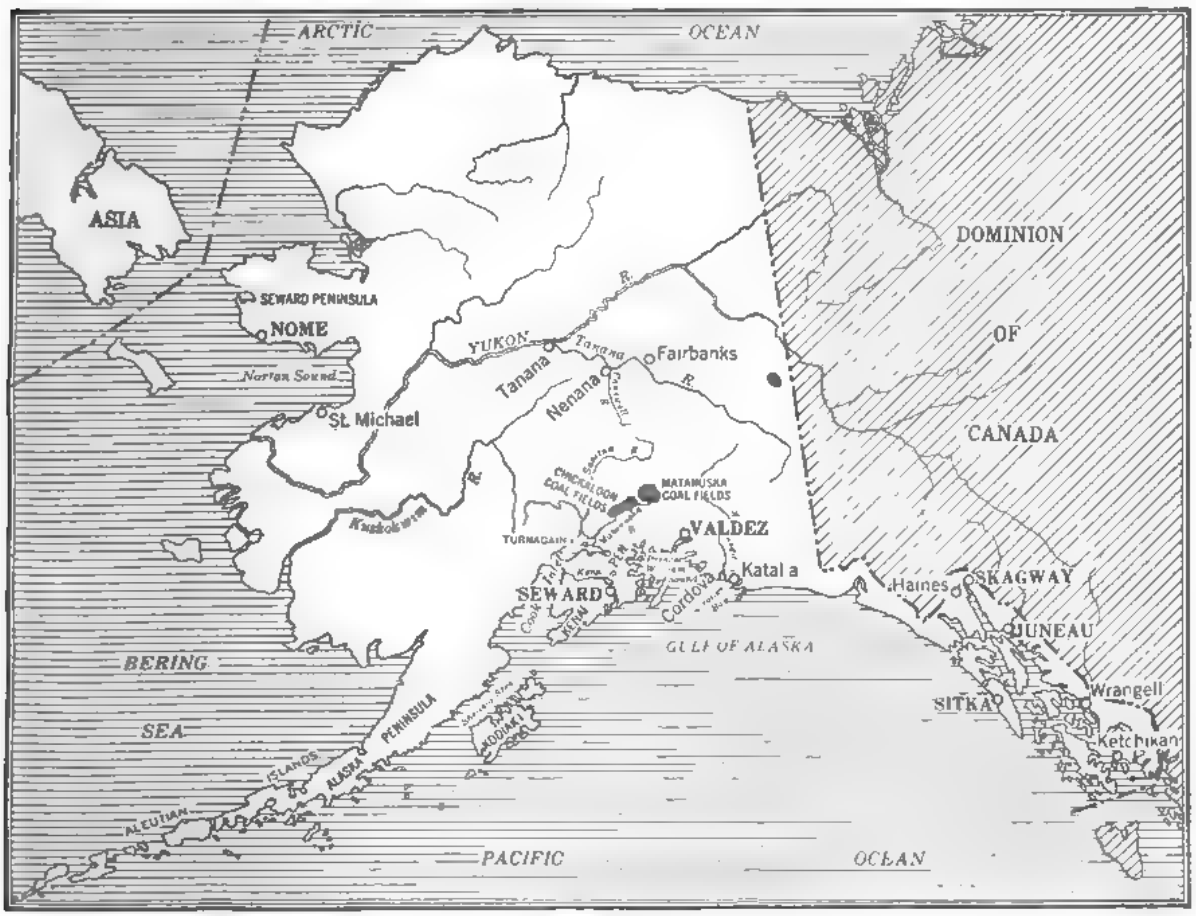
me the ground for the encampment and pointed to the launch, or "gas boat" as they are commonly called, which was standing high and dry on the mud flat down toward the Arm. The water was a perceptible distance out from

comes rushing in and the gale, which usually blows down from the snow-capped mountains and glaciers, whips it into a tempest. One of the miners informed me that he had, at one time, endeavored for fourteen successive



ALASKA

Cut off from the rest of the world by snow and ice for many months of the year, the woman residents of Alaska spend the long winter days knitting or rolling bandages for the Red Cross, with a zeal that is surpassed by few, if any, members of the Society

the boat and I was beginning to wonder how we would be able to float it, when my companion started running down toward it. I could see no especial reason for his haste, but being unwilling to show less enthusiasm than he evinced, I likewise started at a very respectable pace toward the water's edge. The explanation of his precipitateness was there when we arrived. The tide had displayed a greater speed than we had and the water was nearly to our knees when we clambered aboard. We had barely gained our balance on deck before the boat was afloat.

This Turnagain Arm is as ominous as its name suggests, and is one of the roughest bodies of water in the world when the tide

days to launch a boat so that he could cross to the other side, but without avail.

They built a roaring fire so we were able to dry our clothes, which had been wet by our involuntary immersion, and we spent a most interesting evening listening to tales of the early gold rush, from one who had experienced the ordeal of that struggle for sudden riches. The next morning the engineer assured me that we would leave on the speeder for the next camp. The country was particularly attractive because of the freshness after a recent rain and following the line of the road there was no suggestion of civilization save for the rails of steel and the accompanying telephone poles, it lent an alluring charm to

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the entire scene. The road led over many glacier streams which rushed downward to the Arm, where wild ducks paddled comfortably, audibly commenting on affairs in general as we went by. Past the magnificent glaciers were the jagged snow-topped mountains in the background, their lower slopes and valleys covered with heavy undergrowth and bushes.

We passed the Kenai River and lake where we could look across and see the virgin carribou and moose country of the world.

COMPETING WITH THE "MOVIES"

I organized the Chapter at Seward with splendid interest evinced on all sides. A public meeting was held at which some short addresses were made and the Executive Committee selected, the meeting being held in a motion picture theatre, following a film of melodramatic atrocity which should be forbidden by legislative enactment. Saying nothing of elopements and scandal, there were two murders and so much bloodshed that my humble attempt to depict the horrors of the European war, did not meet with the response it had in other places, and was considered tame in comparison with the cinema horrors preceding. The Chapter, however, appeared, in spite of this handicap, to be in a good condition and announced itself ready to undertake all branches of the work.

A TRUE PIONEER

At Seward, we were seated around a roaring fire in the little hotel one evening with the rain pouring down outside, and the proprietor, who was somewhat expansive in the genial warmth, told us some of his experiences when, together with his wife, he had operated a road-house on the Kenai Peninsula in the earlier days. It will be understood that a road-house in Alaska occupies no mean position, since it is the precursor of civilization in these remote parts of the territory, where a more pretentious hostelry would never be found. Among the incidents he recounted, I got one of the best first-aid stories that I heard in that part of the country.

It appears that his wife was generally known in that vicinity as "The Doctor." This title was given her from an occurrence one winter when she was left alone in the road-house and a man was brought to her door with a seriously dislocated shoulder. Eighteen hours previously, one of the splendid "malamutes" in his dog team had fallen over the cliff and in trying to effect a rescue, the man had slipped, fallen and dislocated his shoulder. After a night and half a day of misery, he was brought to the road-house door, with no doctor within a radius of many miles, nor anyone skilled in medicine. "The Doctor" had, however, seen a "picture book" as she called it, in a camp five miles from there and her attention had been drawn to a picture of just such an injury, with the accompanying directions of how to remedy it. So she sent the only man who was in camp assisting her across the unbroken trail to this camp and when he returned a few hours later he had with him this precious volume.

"The Doctor's" first attempt, after reading the instructions, resulted only in a scream of agony from her patient, which they declare could have been heard clear to the Yukon. The second attempt was more successful, the shoulder slipped back into place and after a few days' care, the man was again able to take the trail.

This little book, which had so happily wandered into that remote territory, appeared to be nothing more or less than the First Aid instruction book from which thousands of Red Cross members are now learning the essentials for the conservation of their lives and health.

The S. S. *Northwestern* was scheduled to arrive Friday evening and it finally arrived at half-past seven Saturday morning. That night the glacier stream, which flows through the town, broke through its ice retaining wall and destroyed property to the value of $150,000. Part of the residence section was washed away and only by the most tireless efforts in building temporary dams and dynamiting the obstructions along the course of the stream, were they able to save the business district from complete demolition.

The wife of one of the farmers was compelled to emulate her arboreally inclined ancestors and spent a night in the branches of a tall tree to keep from being washed away. Two trappers were carried away on a log, into the icy waters of Resurrection Bay where they cruised aimlessly about until the fog lifted and they were rescued by some friends.

At the conclusion of the trip, I had a most enjoyable conference with Gov. J. F. A. Strong, and the organizations and work seemed to meet with his hearty approval.

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THE FIRST AMERICAN TRENCH NEWSPAPER

Soixante Trois, the First American Newspaper Published in the Trenches by Section 63 of the American Red Cross Ambulance Section—An Odd Combination of Gaiety and Deep Pathos

BY

GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

PARIS, AUGUST, 1917

AS a temperamental index of the men who are fighting for the Allies' cause in Europe, there is nothing more eloquent than the "trench paper." This is the generic name for the publications which the men themselves write, edit and issue directly at the front for the information and general amusement of their fellow creatures and to recall, if possible, the sadly strayed gaiety of nations.

> Mirth and cheerfulness are as common at the front to-day as the grim visage that goes with war and men have proved that they will laugh and joke even in the face of death. Probably if they did not everybody on both sides would go stark mad.

A publication in many ways similar to those brought out in the trenches, and with the announced distinction of being "The First American Newspaper Printed at the Front" is now being issued every Sunday by Section 63 of the American Red Cross Ambulance service. The title of this weekly production is *Soixante Trois*, done in large and decorative lettering beneath the Red Cross emblem, and the American Eagle which is majestically winging its way toward the crossed flags of the United States and France in the upper right corner.

In common with its sister-publications, *Soixante Trois* is an ambitious effort, "pulled" on a duplicating machine and owing to its popularity and the inability always to get enough paper-stock, rarely in quantity sufficient to go around.

Soixante Trois is an ambitious youngster, embellished with drawings of commendable skill and illuminated with exceptional verse. Its columns range through the emotions from gravity to gaiety. There are editorials of appeal to the fortitude and courage of the men and prompt recognition of their achievements. Then, too, there is all the news of the immediate vicinity—which may mean as much as two hundred square yards of Mother Earth—the dissemination of advice and the elucidation, in simple language, of officially couched orders from the *chef de section*. Latest reports of activities in the dugouts and mess room are given with characteristic comment and the customary woes of the editor are by no means omitted. Gossip, "social notes" and bantering occupy much space in its pages and here the staff has its innings, and lays about itself as if it were at a Donnybrook Fair. The "grouch" is held up to general view invariably with good result, the joker is paid in his own coin and the fellow upon whom every one imposes is stiffened to just rebellion.

As the men of this section, as well as of all the others in the service, have been drawn from practically all the professions, it is not remarkable that there should be capable writers among them. But it is scarcely too much to say that few magazines in America have published anything upon the war which, in its way, is better than the following verses; "L'Ambulancier," by Burr C. Cook:

It's a sorry job, on a sorry road,
With the brancards shaking their gory load,
And the agonized cry of the poor *blessé*—
Doucement, Doucement, s'il vous plaît.

A man's last hope, and love and fear,
Are swinging there in his stretcher gear,
But no matter the danger, night or day,
He must *Aller doucement—s'il vous plaît.*

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First American Newspaper Printed At The Front
AMERICAN
RED CROSS
SOIXANTE TROIS
vol. 1 No.6. AUX ARMEES, FRANCE SEPT. 2, 1917. Prix 25c

He has done his work, and done it well,
Through the cannons roar and the bursting shell
You think it's a job for *embusqué*?
Doucement, Doucement—s'il vous plaît.

When peace has come and the guns are stilled,
And the last red blood on the earth is spilled,
And death has sheathed her mighty scythe,
And hate and envy have been put by
Then Time may find a pleasant word,
For the man who did not draw the sword,
Who put his faith and his life, instead,
In the succor sign of the Cross of Red.
Who kept his counsel and drove his way,
Doucement, Doucement—s'il vous plaît.

A glance through the file of *Soixante Trois*, encloses such remarkable metropolitanism as the issue of a pictorial supplement. It was a full page devoted to the display of the section's emblem, an American spread-eagle standing upon a shield on one half of which was blazoned the Red Cross and on the other the tri-color of France, the device being executed in inks of three colors. This same issue contained an advertising section given up mainly to an exploitation of the ambulance men's laundryman and the absolute necessity of patronizing him or someone else. The heading of the advertisements was a life-like picture of clothes—mentionable and unmentionable—hung on a line.

So many and so great are the risks that the Red Cross ambulanciers take in their work of transporting the wounded, that it is little to be wondered at that they skim lightly—perhaps to avoid thinking—over the casualties among their sections. In any other publication than *Soixante Trois* what follows would be considered scant and casual notice of a thrilling incident and its attendant bravery:

A. R. C. MEN WOUNDED

Price McQuillan and Wayne Vetterlein, both of XXII, were seriously wounded at an advance post on August 5. They were loading their machine, assisted by five brancardiers when a shell burst near them. Only one brancardier escaped. Of the others, one was killed and three wounded. Bean and Moorehead went courageously to their assistance, through a thick curtain of gas. It was found necessary to amputate one of McQuillan's legs and two fingers of his right hand. Vetterlein received seven serious wounds. Both men have shown a fine courage which makes us proud of them and of America.

They have both been decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire.

Fatalism is the strongest characteristic of the men who have done such heroic work in the American Red Cross ambulance service and it finds full expression in this little essay.

THE SOLDIER'S GODDESS

I have watched them pass—the dust-covered, canvas-hooded, big gray camions—close behind each other, countless numbers of them in line, noisily rumbling up the long white road to the front. Each packed with silent, war-clad men; men with the calm, fixed look of grim understanding on their bronzed faces, and a strange, bright light in their eyes; trailing up the white road under cover of the star-lit night, or through ancient villages, peaceful fields, sleeping, sombre forests—on, on, toward the gleaming battle grounds.

And happening, for an instant, to catch the eye of one of these silent, war clad men, I have tried to divine his thoughts, to picture the golden hopes of his former life, to guess at the part he played in the big world before all things changed and he became one in these miles of camion-trains. And wondering, I have endeavored to comprehend the meaning of the uncomplaining, unquestioning, unhesitating light in his eyes. No doubt, I thought,

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there must be a sustaining philosophy, something with a strong power of counteraction.

Fatalism! I hit upon that as the one thing the soldier could place his trust in, and, relieved by so doing, enjoy at the same time a new sense of comfort and even of security!

A child of fate he is then, irresponsible as to worldly worries, no longer burdened with the complex exigencies of civil life, leaving it all to his new goddess, his "all-in-all," the source of his "peace that passeth understanding." So he sits, calm, uncomplaining, statue-like! A passenger for the front from which, he knows, he may not return.

The advertisements which frequently appear in the journal serve as an outlet for fun-making. The camp canteen evidently has its troubles, judging from this advertisement which appeared not long ago:

THE CANTEEN

In Order to Carry a Larger
And More Complete Stock
WE NEED MORE CAPITAL

Can You Throw in 20 Francs Quick?
If Not, Don't Kick if We Are Sold Out Twelve Hours
After Supplies Arrive!
"BUY A CANTEEN BOND TO-DAY"

At the foot of one page appeared this bit of advice:

BE PREPARED!
To Receive the
CROIX DE GUERRE
MEDAILLE MILITAIRE
YOU MUST BE BRIGHT!
Have your Belts and Buttons Shined by
CLOUD—Tent "A"

The readiness with which the familiar and distinguished things at home are utilized for camp consumption is well attested in the following paraphrase of the letter-writing "busher":

HIS LETTER HOME

DEAR AL.—Gee, this is a great life, and you can bet I'm enjoying every minute of it. We have been in the thickest of the fray for the past month now. You boys back home would open your eyes if you could see the things we see every day. Even as I write there are six planes battling in the air above me. Shells are bursting around us in every direction and pieces fall on the paper in front of me. Any ordinary man would be scared to death, but you know me, Al.

The airplanes are most bothersome at night. Have you ever been in Jersey and seen the mosquitoes? Well, that's they, and worse. Bombs drop everywhere; in the soup, in your tobacco, on your beds and even in your boots when you take them off at night.

The boys in the trenches are safe compared with us. They don't have to drive along roads with shells bursting every inch. Many is the time I've lit a cigarette and held the match for the wind of a passing shell to put out.

You know me, Al. I used to be a peaceful citizen, but I've gotten so I crave the sight of blood and the sight of battle, and the chief has the deuce of a time keeping me from chasing the Germans in my ambulance.

One of the things you've got to get used to is the sight of the millions of wounded you see every day. As we rush down the road through shot and shell we often pass poor fellows with both legs shot off running to safety, and armless men wave to us to stop as we go buzzing by.

Al, have you ever been hit by a shell? Well, I have, lots of times. After a while you get so used to it that all you notice is the extra weight of the pieces you carry around in you and the medals they make you wear.

I know what you're going to ask me. No, we don't get much time to shoot craps. Write soon.

Your pal
RIP.

As the American Red Cross ambulance service has been taken into the United States army, the verses published in one of the latest issues of *Soixante Trois*, are particularly appropriate.

A TOAST

A toast or two and a last salute,
A touch of fame and of good repute,
Of work well done and nobly led,
And the tale of the A. R. C. is said.
A simple tale but its lore will last
When the annals of war are dead and past,
So fill your glasses and raise them high,
A fare-you-well and a last good-bye!

A fare-you-well and a last "bonne chance,"
For the Eagle's wings are aloft in France,
And the old U. S. has called her sons,
A million men and a million guns.
The knell is struck for the volunteer,
It's into the regular army gear,
So fill your glasses and raise them high,
A fare-you-well and a last good-bye!

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The Red Cross Bloke

(The following poem was found among the effects of a badly wounded British soldier. We have not been able to identify the author.)

NOT a blinkin' rap do we care for the chap
With a Red Cross on his sleeve.
'Till we get to the front, on the stand to shunt,
An' a farewell bomb when you leave.

Midst that flying death you hold your breath,
An' life seems suddenly dear.
While the Red Cross Chap is out of the scrap,
In the safest part of the rear.

It doesn't seem fair for him to be there,
While we face the powder and smoke,
An' check the Huns with red-hot guns,
An' cheer and curse and choke.

But many a lad feels thundering glad,
When the night lends a sheltering cloak,
To be overhauled by the chap he's called
The bloomin' Red Cross Bloke.

My own turn came—it's part of the game—
In a scrap we had before Loos.
When the blinkin' Huns tried to pinch the guns
Of the 15th—never mind whose.

They tried and tried, and you bet they died,
While we lost many a chum.
When the message came through: "Now Lads stand to"
And the next was, "Here they come!"

We charged and yelled, an' the line we held,
But I don't remember the rest,
For the earth spun round, and I hit the ground,
With daylight inside my chest.

When next I woke a Red Cross Bloke
Was crossing that zone of death;
An' I watched him come through that shrapnel hum—
Just watched and held my breath.

He reached my side with a crawl and glide,
An' I blessed his crimson crest,
When he'd made me snug with a comfy plug
In the painful hole in my chest.

Then away he crept, and I must have slept,
But when I awoke with pain,
I was down at the base as a hospital case,
An' booked down for "Blighty" again.

We landed all right on a wet stormy night,
But what did we care for the rain,
For a Red Cross Bloke fixed me up with a smoke
An' a crib on a Red Cross train.

So that's why I'm here, feeling shaky and queer,
In this clinkin' Red Cross bed,
With a Red Cross nurse, when I'm feeling worse
To lay cool things on my head.

An' though it all seems to be part of my dreams,
Yet I know it is not all a hoax,
There are thousands to-day who are ready to say,
"Thank God for the Red Cross Blokes."

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS COMMISSION TO ITALY

BY

GEORGE F. BAKER, JR.

(Chairman of the Commission)

IN VIEW of the recent reverses sustained by the Italian Army, an unqualified endorsement now of its energy, ability and bravery might seem ill timed; our Commission is so strong, however, in its convictions in that direction that it is not only a pleasure but seems an obligation to us to tell of it in every way we can. It is quite impossible to attempt to explain the recent serious reverse, because to one who has been on the ground and who has been impressed with the efficiency of the Army (as are all who visit Italy) there is no plausible explanation. For months past visitors have been learning of Italy's great need for large guns and artillery of all kinds, as well as ammunition. While believing that the advance of the Italian Army into Austrian territory was limited by such needs, we, in no way, understood that these supplies were a necessity for successful defense. It would be quite natural, however, that even if guns and ammunition were lacking for defense purposes the Italian generals and officials would hesitate to divulge such a condition unless, perhaps, to officials of the Allies who could remedy it.

Our Commission, composed of Mr. John Morron, Dr. Thomas W. Huntington, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Mr. Nicholas F. Brady and the Chairman, left New York the latter part of July and, after visiting the British and French fronts in France, spent five weeks in Italy studying conditions to determine how the American Red Cross could render the most efficient aid and coöperation there. During our trip we covered practically the entire territory, from North to South, including Sicily, visiting Rome, Naples, Genoa, Milan, Florence, Venice, Bologna, Palermo, Brindisi, Bari, Taranto, Messina, Lecce, etc. Two weeks were spent with the Second, Third and Fourth Armies at the Italian front.

Our best information was that Italy has about 4,000,000 men under arms, and that there were available for the wounded 1,000,000 beds. The many hospitals which we visited were almost without exception clean and efficiently maintained, with able doctors and surgeons directing their activities. In a word, we can say that in our judgment Italy has good reason to be proud of the way she is caring for her wounded. We do not mean to intimate that Italy has no needs in the matter of caring for her wounded, but merely wish to emphasize that she has made the very best use of the means available. We believe there is a fine opportunity for relief work in various directions in Italy, and that American sympathy and aid in that country will be deeply appreciated, evidencing anew our desire to help wherever help is needed. Moral assistance in times such as these to a nation that has been struggling hard gives new heart and courage. Such aid as the American Red Cross can bring will accomplish this to no little degree.

There is throughout Italy a great quantity of hospitals, often located in a building that formerly might have been a school, a monastery, a convent, a hotel, or just a dwelling. These structures have been so altered as to be well adapted for hospital use. In addition there are many new hospitals constructed since the war. Many of these have 2,000 or more beds and are modern in every way. The construction is generally of stucco, with tile roof, and takes the form of a one-story structure having individual wards, with passages connecting, and with operating theatres conveniently located.

Another type of hospital that is most interesting is the movable hospital that can be dismantled and placed on automobile trucks. This type varies. In some cases there is only the operating room and equipment —all of which is carried on one truck. In other cases there is a complete hospital, including wards, kitchen, electric light plant, radiograph, artificial heat plant, etc., as well as operating rooms. Some of these larger moveable hospitals require sixteen motor

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trucks for their transport, and when set up serve very well for all cases. We visited such a hospital on our trip, which was in charge of Major Balda Rossi, one of the leading medical men of Italy, whose courage and determination was the cause of the establishment of operating hospitals right at the front, almost in the trenches themselves. It seems that the Italian people had such confidence in him that at the beginning of the war they collected 300,000 *lire* to be spent exactly as he himself saw fit, and he undertook to establish a complete operating hospital that could be picked up and put on sixteen lorries. These hospitals Major Rossi would push up to the front in the most dangerous places, always accompanying them himself. Whenever the line moved forward he was not satisfied to stay where he was, but insisted on pushing forward with the advance. He told us that on one occasion he had operated, taken down the hospital, transported it 150 kilometres, and there operated again all within twenty-four hours. He was clear in his views as to the necessity of certain kinds of operation being performed as soon as possible, and he demonstrated this to us later on, when we were lunching with him at one of his hospitals, by showing us a man who had been shot in the stomach eight hours before, and who was in such an exhausted condition on account of the loss of blood, that they could not even operate on him, although he was under an anæsthetic and on the operating table at the time, and they were using every means to keep him alive. He said that it was a hopeless case; that the man could not be operated on, and must die, but that if he had been able to get him within two hours he could have saved his life.

The hospitals, or rather, relief stations, up near the lines are always under cover. They may be in dugouts or in caves constructed in the solid rock. In one case we visited a complete hospital lodged in an Austrian railroad tunnel which had not been quite completed when the war broke out.

To one who has been in Italy during the war and has gained sympathy and admiration for the Italians, it is distressing to think that all the beautifully equipped hospitals in the territory recently captured by the Austrians are lost—at least lost as far as their usefulness for the Italian wounded is concerned. What has become of these wounded is a question that as yet seems unanswered. While we were at the front there were about 60,000 wounded in this territory. It is very doubtful, however, if anything like that number were there when the Italians retired, as it was only on account of the Italian offensive that there were as many as that during our visit. Let us hope few hospital patients were captured, though, frankly, it is hard to see how those that were there could have been removed.

It would seem that one's estimate of Italy and its army would change somewhat in view of the recent reverses; our confidence, however, remains unshaken and so our impressions, as expressed immediately on our return to this country—which was some few days before the Austrian advance—still hold good. In our estimate of Italy as expressed at that time we said: "We cannot overstate our admiration and enthusiasm for the efficiency of the Italian Army on all its fronts. They have not only attained extraordinary military advantage over their enemies, but they have ably devoted their attention and efforts to the care and welfare of their army and their wounded. We have seen the mountain heights bordering the plains of Northern Italy which at the commencement of the war were held by the Austrians. From these heights the Italians drove their enemies well back into the mountains, and to-day, instead of defending their country from the plains, they are attacking the enemy from the mountain tops which afford them equal advantages as to positions. The stories of the difficulties of taking these positions, and the stories of the bravery of the men who accomplished this feat can only be thoroughly understood by one who visits the battlefield itself. Accounts and pictures cannot possibly give a true comprehension. In cases where it was impossible to drive the enemy from their position through attack, the Italians resorted to secretly building tunnels underneath the particular territory occupied, and blowing it up with an enormous charge of explosive.

"The amount of permanent construction, such as building of mountain roads for automobiles and mountain railways to serve the armies at the front, is tremendous. Up the sides of the mountains where before the war an individual could scarcely climb are found these roads and railroads so thoroughly constructed that they resemble in character the famous mountain roads that have existed for

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WAITING FOR THE AMBULANCES

Italian wounded, having had their wounds treated in dressing stations, await transportation to the hospital

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AFTER A VISIT FROM AN ENEMY AIRPLANE

An Italian hospital bombarded from the sky and destroyed by hostile aircraft, despite the Red Crosses painted upon the roof and sides

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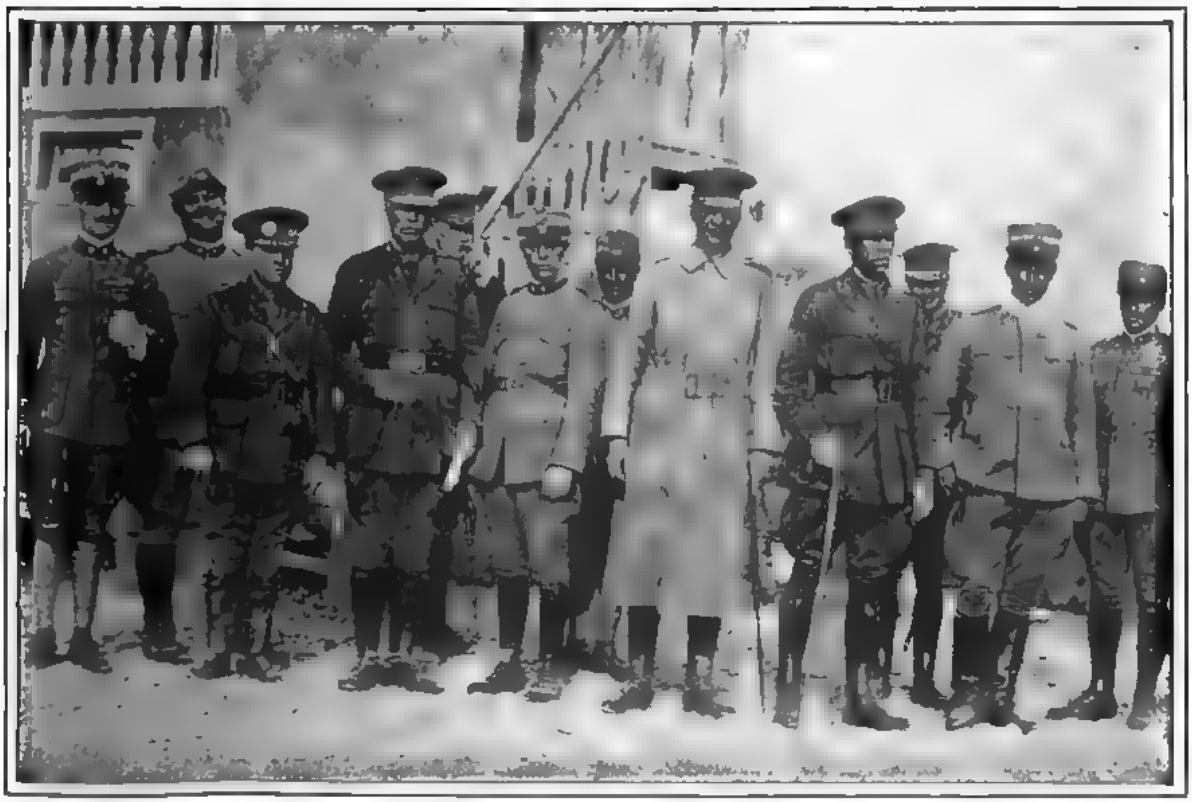
centuries. In addition to this there is a very general installation throughout the mountains of telefericas, a system of transportation from one mountain to another across deep chasms, by the use of steel cables from which are suspended small cars. These cars thus suspended are drawn to their destination by a separate cable attached to a stationary engine at one end of the teleferica. By these means mountain tops are reached in minutes practically, where they would only be reached in hours any other way. This rapid method of transportation has been the means of saving the lives of many soldiers wounded on the mountain tops, for at the base of these telefericas are always found hospitals with every facility for the care of the wounded. It of course must be understood that the telefericas are not used for the transportation of wounded alone, but serve to transport provisions and supplies.

"We saw numerous camps of Austrian prisoners. A prison camp at the front consists of a large enclosure surrounded by a high barbed wire fence. The soldiers lived in tents while the officers lived in comfortable barracks. After being sent back from the front all are housed in barracks. We talked with many of the prisoners and found invariably an appreciation on their part of the fair treatment they received at the hands of the Italians. We were told that they are given the same rations as the Italian soldiers. Certainly there was every evidence that the prisoners were well treated.

"The Commission was accorded the most extraordinary hospitality by the Government officials and all the officers of the Army with whom they came in contact. It was clear to us that there was a genuine feeling of friendship and affection for America and Americans. The admiration that exists all through Italy for President Wilson was evident in all of the many official as well as private gatherings we attended, and mention was always made of the President's wonderful message and of his reply to the Pope, both of which expressed the feeling of Italy with respect to the war so exactly that their enthusiasm and admiration for the President knew no bounds.

"While at the front and on our various trips through Italy we were the guests of the Government, and everywhere we went arrangements



THE RED CROSS COMMISSION TO ITALY
Headed by Mr George F. Baker, Jr., of New York (carrying a light-colored cane)

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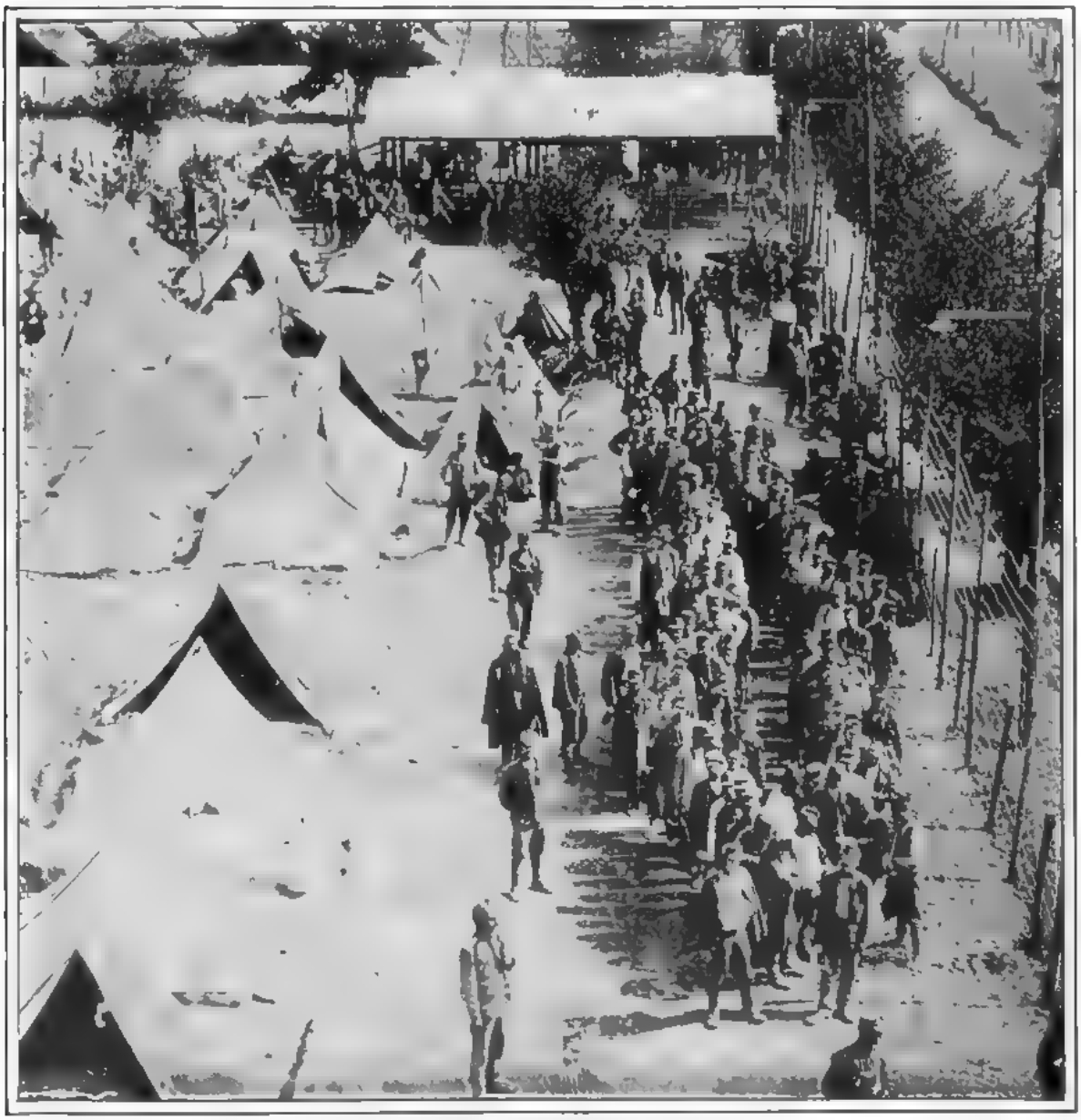
were made so that we were met by officers and were afforded every opportunity to make our investigation with the greatest possible despatch. We left Italy with a high regard for the manner in which she is conducting her part of the war, and with a feeling of sincere friendship for those Italians with whom it was our good fortune to come to know."

Anyone fond of Italy and interested in her welfare will be glad to know of what has been done since the army has been driven back from the mountains onto the plains. Major Murphy, the Commissioner of the American Red Cross for Europe, is on the scene and has taken with him an efficient organization recruited from his staffs in France and Belgium. Their effort is to do everything they can for relief pending the arrival of the permanent organization, with Mr. Robert P. Perkins as Commissioner.

An appropriation of 8,000,000 *lire* has already been made for disbursement by Major Murphy who is rapidly affording relief to refugees and other sufferers.



AUSTRIAN PRISONERS IN ITALY

Everywhere the American Commission found that Italy's prisoners of war were being treated humanely and in full accordance with the strictest principles of International Law

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SENDING SANTA CLAUS "OVER THERE"

For several weeks the various Red Cross workrooms throughout the United States were a scene of joyous activity, when a veritable army of volunteer workers turned to with a will and sent the Christmas spirit to our boys overseas and in the training camps at home

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I. DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS

The packages contained a handkerchief, pad, pencil, soap, knife, candy, envelopes, cigarettes, pipe, tobacco, and a game

III. STORING THE BUNDLES

© Underwood & Underwood

The piles of bundles towered mountain-like on all sides of the workrooms where they were stored

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II. WRAPPING UP INDIVIDUAL PARCELS © Underwood & Underwood

And sealing them with plenty of good wishes and a jolly card of Christmas greetings

© Underwood & Underwood

IV. THE FINAL STAGE. PACKING THE WOODEN CASES

Far into the night the army of volunteer workers toiled so that the great cases might reach the boys by Christmas

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IT'S ALL DAY'S

THESE ARE STRENUO
OF AN EFFICIENT
LIKE LITTLE MI
RICHA

I
QUICK!
GET THE BANDAGES

V. ALL'S WELL.

II
NEED
ANY
SAFETY
PINS
?

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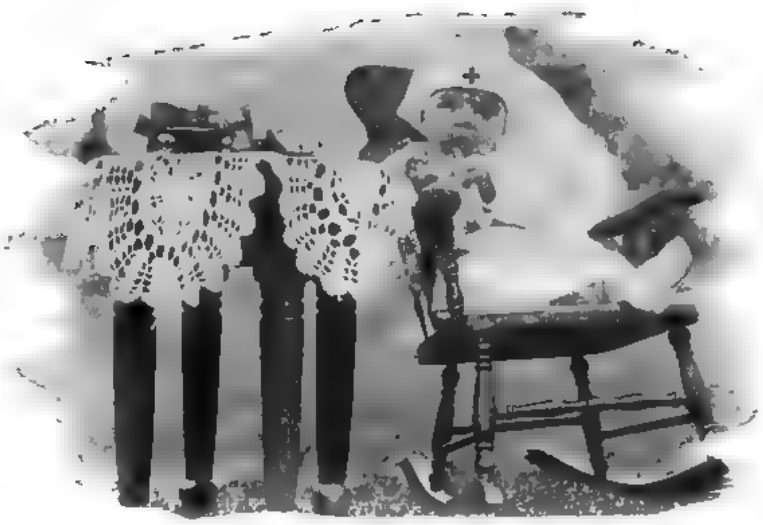
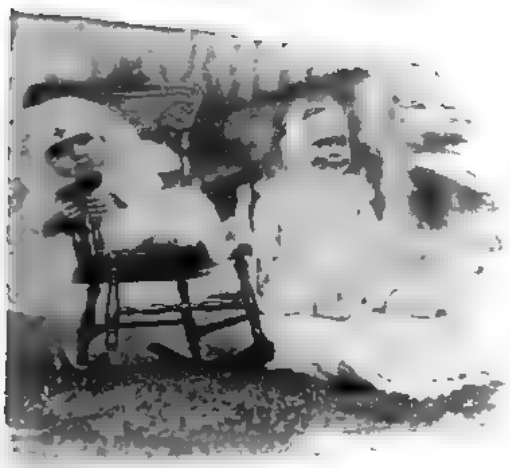
IN THE WORK

US DAYS IN THE LIFE
RED CROSS NURSE
SS VIOLET LOUISE
RDSON



III

WE MUST HAVE
EVERYTHING THOROUGHLY
CLEAN



BRING ON THE NEXT PATIENT

IV

WITH CAREFUL
NURSING HE'LL
PULL THROUGH,
I THINK

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Since shortly after the outbreak of the war we have read with pride of the great work accomplished by young Americans who have braved the shells of the enemy to succour the wounded of the Allies. Here is the story of a man and a woman who played the same rôle of Good Samaritan forty-seven years ago, during the Franco-Prussian War, that the members of the American Ambulance have played in this war.

THE FIRST AMERICAN AMBULANCE IN FRANCE

All During the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, an American and His Wife Toiled on the Battlefields Succouring the Wounded——The Shell-torn American Flag and Crude Red Cross Emblem Borne on This First American Ambulance Are Now in the United States

BY

MILDRED A. MYERS

FOLDED away in a black box an American flag, tattered and war begrimed, has lain waiting for forty-seven long years to have its story told. And now that the Stars and Stripes are flying by hundreds on the same soil on which it first saw bloodshed, it has been released from its secret shrine to give to the world the history of the first American Ambulance Hospital on a battlefield.

With the flag are two bronze crosses and a diploma of honour. And the only one who remains to explain it all is a little old lady who, with justifiable pride, explains that the "George" and "Marie" mentioned in the diploma were her brother and sister-in-law. "And they both," this last of the family will tell, you "were as loved as they were brave. My brother, like me, was born in Boston but his wife was a Frenchwoman known as 'Marie, the little mother of Paris.'" At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, George Bradford McFarland and his wife were living in Paris. Mr. McFarland was an engineer and in Paris on business. He was one of the few Americans who remained in Paris after the outbreak of the war. One day an idea came to him. He told it to his wife and both, without further delay, hurried to the American embassy where they unfolded their scheme. Ambassador E. B. Washburne became enthusiastic and gave his consent. The result was that a short time later Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were making ready to equip an ambulance hospital for the battlefield.

A BANNER OF HOPE FOR FRIEND AND FOE

The little Red Cross flag, made from a piece of flannel, with the American flag (depicted on page 51) shared the vicissitudes of the Franco-Prussian campaign

Such a thing in previous wars was unheard of. Wounded and dying were left on battlefields with the dead unless some generous comrade pulled a man out here and there and carried him to safety. In all Paris at the time of the war there was not one hospital ready to receive soldiers wounded in battle. Mr. McFarland obtained possession of an old government truck which he found he could convert into an ambulance. He covered it with canvas and at the further end built four cots. The vehicle had to be heated so he arranged a steam heating arrangement at the opposite end

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of the truck with which he succeeded in warming the inside. He was by nature of an inventive mind. "He never liked to study in school," said Mrs. Duer, "George's" sister, "but he would invent by the hour." No doubt he inherited this love of invention from his father who was an inventor. As a small boy during the day George worked in his father's shop. One day he produced an engine which he had constructed and made it run by fastening it to a steaming kettle on his mother's stove. It was this ability to make whatever he needed out of materials he already possessed which enabled him to turn an old truck into an up-to-date comfortable ambulance home.

Through the efforts of the little Frenchwoman, sheets, blankets and pillows were obtained. She aroused the women until they gave whatever was needed.

Throughout the entire Franco-Prussian War this couple lived in the ambulance. And then, when the constructive work was finished, the American and his wife completed arrangements for a base hospital in Paris to which all the wounded which they could convey in their four stretcher ambulance, were to be carried. Mr. Washburne took possession of an old theatre and this became the hospital which Mrs. McFarland again equipped completely with the aid of her countrywomen.

Before the truck made its first trip to the front, Mr. McFarland hoisted to its top an American flag which he had brought with him from home. This flag floated through the thick of battle unmindful of bullet holes, of its ragged edges and dimmed stars, knowing no enemy, and succoring alike French and German wounded. Under the Stars and Stripes were painted in huge letters the words AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL, and similar signs covered both sides of the truck.

AN HONORED VETERAN

The tattered Stars and Stripes which flew over the first American Ambulance in France, throughout the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71

To the front went these pioneers. At night, Marie, the mother of Paris, would lift her lantern from its hook and holding it high above her head would scour the battlefield with its dead and wounded, motioning to her husband to give aid. He would pick up the wounded, carry them to the cots in the ambulance and rush as fast as his horses could go to the theatre hospital. Then, never tired, he and his wife would return to the front to continue the

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work of searching and carrying away. It worried them that they could bear only four at a time because there were hundreds who needed attention. Through the night they worked until the battlefield had been relieved of its living. It mattered not whether the victim was German or French—if he needed help he received it. Theirs was an errand of mercy.

As long as the war lasted the ambulance made its trips back and forth from the battlefield to Paris. Mrs. McFarland became the angel of the sick. It was even rumored that the soldiers prayed to be wounded that they might be brought to the field hospital with its steam heat and American good-will and perhaps be fed by the beautiful French woman. The sight of the Stars and Stripes brought courage and relief to the hearts of the fighting men. They knew instinctively that if they were wounded, help was near—they would not be left helpless to die on the battlefield.

THE BRONZE MEDAL OF HONOR

Bestowed upon an American, Mr. George McFarland, and his wife, by the French Government in grateful recognition of their services in succouring the wounded

This is how the American Ambulance service first started. These two persons alone, it was estimated, saved 1,500 lives. A small enough number to-day perhaps—but that was long ago in '71 when automobile ambulances costing $5,000 were undreamed of. No airplanes bombed cities; no "tanks" with machine guns mowed down thousands; no poison gases suffocated an army.

When the Franco-Prussian War was over, and the McFarlands served until the last day of battle, France, grateful, bestowed upon them its medal of honour—the Bronze Cross. Mr. McFarland took back his war flag and carried it to America with his war trophies.

"He and Marie came to live with me for a year here in Brooklyn," said Mrs. Duer, "and then they both left for South America, where they died, but I had them buried here.

"My brother never spoke much of his ambulance work. He never thought there would be another war and as far as he could see he had only done his duty. But when this war started, his service was remembered in Paris. It was Ambassador Herrick who asked permission of the officials to "perpetuate" the service of '70-'71. Of course permission was granted and to-day there are thousands of Americans succouring the wounded. But you see, he said 'to perpetuate,' thus recognizing my brother's work." She smiled a sad smile.

"Before my brother went away he made me promise that in case I outlived him and his wife I would have them buried in America. My brother was a loyal American. Neither he nor his wife thought I would be the last survivor, but you never can tell. She died in '90 and he, heartbroken, in '91, alone in Maracaibo, Venezuela. When their belongings were sent to me, this little box was with them. In it were the flag, the medals, diploma, the first Red Cross made from a piece of flannel, the certificate, a picture of the McFarlands and a tiny Bible given by an Englishman whose name, William Peglain, is barely discernible." Mrs. Duer told me the story of that Bible as it was told to her by Mrs. McFarland.

"The soldier had been carried by my brother into the ambulance. He was dying and he knew it. One day when he knew his time was up he reached for his Bible, his only possession, and gave it to Marie with a smile on his lips. 'My mother gave it to me,' he told her. 'She told me when I was dying to give it to the person I loved the best, just as she gave it to me. I give it to you.' Marie prized that Bible perhaps more than her bronze cross. When she died it came to me." Mrs. Duer looked troubled. "I do not know to whom I shall give that Bible—I do not know."

Nor has Mrs. Duer decided yet what she will do with the trophies. Most of all she treasures the flag—the first Stars and Stripes to fly from any battlefield for the purpose of saving life.

"Somewhere in France," the old truck looking like an early Far West pioneer wagon has been preserved. To-day field ambulance hospitals have as many as twenty beds and every conceivable modern equipment. There are thousands of them and there are thousands of the Stars and Stripes on the battlefields.

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INTERNED IN SWITZERLAND

A Scottish Chaplain's Experiences Amongst the British Wounded Prisoners of War Interned in Switzerland

BY

A. M. SUTHERLAND

[*The following excerpts from a series of letters have a peculiar interest. The author not only endured an extraordinary experience, but he has recorded in a most effective manner an extraordinary human reaction to them. He has been able to transcend the feeling of sectarianism and to embrace the larger feeling of widespread sympathy for human beings. His letters form an authoritative document of the brotherhood of men and, in a very picturesque manner, illustrate the greater Red Cross spirit.*—THE EDITORS.]

LAUSANNE.

MY DEAR A.:

You will appreciate the joy that has come to us. Some of our British wounded prisoners in Germany are to be sent to Switzerland, to be interned here. When war broke out it was some comfort to be able to devote time and energy assisting stranded British people to return home, still it was trying to be left practically stranded oneself with only a few to whom to minister. After wondering how I could do my bit, you can be sure that now I shall follow this bright star of hope until it stands over the place where our brave men are to rest.

THE REVEREND ARTHUR M. SUTHERLAND
The "beloved pastor" of the concentration camp for wounded British soldiers at Château d'Œx, Switzerland

Château d'Œx.

MY DEAR A.:

I am writing to you from Château d'Œx where I came a few days ago to join in the welcome to our wounded men and to start my work amongst them. Nothing can express the excitement of the throng which had waited for hours their arrival. When at last the little mountain train came in sight and we saw the wounded men leaning out of every window, with bandaged heads and tired faces, a strange emotion thrilled the crowd, and a cheer went up which a soldier afterward at breakfast described as a royal welcome. When the train came to a standstill, before the soldiers stepped down to the platform, the National Anthem was sung by the soldiers and by the throng, but I know that many standing there were too moved to sing, loyal-hearted though they were. Soon willing hands were helping the badly wounded men, and stretchers were at once brought into use to carry the helpless to their places at the breakfast table.

In spite of the men's evident fatigue and suffering we were all impressed with their cheery aspect. During the speech-making the President of the Communal Council expressed the sympathy of the Swiss, and their joy in receiving the wounded British in their country, this "little isle set in

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HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

The Swiss make the occasion of the arrival of French or British wounded a memorable occasion Small girls strew their path with flowers and the entire population of the town turns out to greet them

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INVALID ROW

Here on Sunday "miniature services" are held for prisoners too ill to move around. Music is furnished by a baby harmonium or a phonograph

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SOLDIER-POWER

Mr. Sutherland being drawn in state to the railroad station by his "parishioners" to the music of the bagpipes

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A JOYOUS REUNION

Arrangements were made so that the wives of the interned British soldiers were permitted to spend several days in Switzerland with their husbands

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the midst of the opposing currents of war"; and His Majesty's Minister expressed on behalf of the wounded their gratitude for the Swiss hospitality.

The soldier quickly detects if the dominant idea of the "Padre" is to bring glory to his church, and not a passion for doing good to all men irrespective of their communion. The noblest motive is the public good, and I must candidly avow that while I love my church, here I forgot to what church soldiers belong, nor do I care what their denominations are if only they care for my friendship. This has its disadvantages in sometimes creating jealousy in the hearts of some who make a god of their church, but the fact that Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Non-Conformists, are my friends, will always be a deep joy to me. The other day the Catholic priest and I met in the prison in the course of our duties, and we agreed how foolish it would be to bring our ecclesiastical notions into this place where kind words and kindly encouragement might be spoken to all, irrespective of their ecclesiastical communion. Among soldiers the religion without label is the most respected. It is a distinct advantage to value at a minimum these petty divisions, and I entirely agree with the large-hearted MacLean Watt of the Scottish church that to bring them into the work among men who have been brought near to Death, the Grave, and that vast Forever is a "sin against the Holy Ghost" and a "crowning iniquity."

This then is the spirit in which to go about work here.

My Dear A.:

Now that the men are somewhat recovered from the fatigue of their journey there arises the need for some place where they may meet each other in those hours while free from the military machinery, however indispensable that is in the life of a soldier. They live in hotels given up to them and they may not visit each other without leave. I have been seeking, in conjunction with a lady deeply interested in the same scheme, a suitable building where all the men may gather. We found both building and funds in a few days, and we have received official sanction for this new venture. Let me tell you what we propose to do. We shall fit up and furnish with tables and chairs our Home; here the men can meet during their free time, write their letters, have tea, bread and butter, and cakes—at cost price—read newspapers and books, listen to music, vocal and instrumental, and join in debates and smoke. We shall have no rules but trust the honor of the men never to require to call in military aid. We would like a Home without the savor of monastery or asceticism in order to capture and charm these broken men, where they can sing a jovial song for mere merriment; an institution where even the ludicrous has its place, for Christ Himself objected only to sin, not to natural enjoyment. We shall try to convince the men that the best life is the Christian life by seeking to sanctify ourselves for their sakes, but we hope to present Christ as seeking them perhaps more than to press them to seek Him.

My Dear A.:

Since writing you last much water has flowed under the bridge. The Home I told you of is helping the men to use their leisure hours to good purpose, instead of finding attraction in the cafés that abound. The sun has shone on our efforts. Another scheme for the men's good is well under way, that is, to provide brass and string instruments for an orchestra. Among the men are musicians and a good bandmaster, and instruments have flowed in. A way has been found by a generous donor of sending out four Scottish kilts and sporrans and a pair of bagpipes,—so we hope to keep the men interested. The Orchestra plays twice a week in the Home, and we are very proud of the progress they are making, and it becomes evident to us that these efforts are appreciated by the "Boys." At the home the number of cups of tea increases from day to day, till perhaps we may find it necessary to enlarge the building, which can be done at no great expense.

Apart from these schemes the men have formed a British Interned Variety Company to give concerts, with the laudable object in view of building a small chalet for the use of poor children, to remain for the Swiss as a remembrance of the time they spent here.

I half expected your question about what we were doing for the men on spiritual lines. I almost grudge entering into details about this because it necessarily refers to what I do as a Presbyterian minister, and it had been a joy to deal with men not as church-goers, not as members of a Bible-class, but as men, common men with human needs.

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The Sunday morning service held in the big Hall is our main service for Presbyterians, and is well attended. We have twelve soldiers at Rougemont, six miles off, and a few at Rossinieres, so on Sunday afternoon I go to the former, alternating with the latter. The Senior British Officer here, an Anglican, is one of those spiritual men who take an interest in the well-being of their men, and he kindly comes with me to the afternoon services to read the lessons. Another feature of our work is to bring the cripples to church in a brake from the different hotels. But this does not meet the needs of all the invalids. I hold "miniature services" on the balconies where the invalids are stretched, too ill to move. The origin of these may interest you. An Anglican lady told me she visited an invalid soldier on his balcony who told her how much he enjoyed the singing of a hymn and the offering of a brief prayer by a Salvationist who visited him. She suggested that a short service would be acceptable to the men, and for this purpose I was fortunate enough to be presented with a baby harmonium. With this little organ, carried by two soldiers, we go to the invalids' balconies and there hold brief services. The men choose their hymns. The first Sunday I was keeping strictly to the Presbyterians when one invalid shouted: "Come here also, Padre, and sing to us, though we are not on your list!" I felt rebuked. We find this service very popular and joined in by some who are not invalids. Sometimes an amusing element creeps in. One invalid, who thought his comrade getting the choice of too many hymns, called out "Come along, Jock, give us a chance,—'Rock of Ages'" One of them asked me the other day if he might take the whole service. "Certainly" I said, though I wondered what was up. A phonograph was produced, and the record had a whole service on it. It was very interesting, and that was our miniature service for the day.

Some soldiers write me about their religious ideas, and some of the letters are terrors: full of wise and yet wild ideas about religion, church, ministers, and yet full of respect for divine things. These show me that the thought that soon they might be lying beside some of their comrades on French soil or on other unknown spots made them pause. Fear of death is not usual. Prayer was uttered in widely different circumstances. What worried them was not the prospect of death, but the thought that their loved ones were over-anxious about them, and prayer rose for the comforting of those dear ones left behind. I could fill a letter on the subject of a soldier's religion.

You need scarcely be reminded that though naturally I speak only of the "bit" some of us are doing, others are racking their brains night and day also to devise ways of helping the soldiers. There are many modes of being frivolous and not a few of being useful. The Senior British Officer is arranging to have a classification of the different trades represented by the men, for example a group of tailors, cabinet-workers, shoemakers, printers, etc. They will also be taught photography, motoring, bookbinding, the French language, and so on. This is an excellent idea. Some one has said: "It might please God to keep me poor, but I trust it will never please him to keep me idle." Before the idea came into form I discovered one day a soldier who is a tailor by profession, who said that if only he had a sewing machine he could spend his time mending his chums' clothes. I mentioned this to a friend, who immediately sent a Singer sewing machine; imagine the delight of the tailor!

MY DEAR A.:

On Thursday last arrived the first conducted party of sixteen Tommies' wives. It was a great day among the men. The Red Cross, is responsible for bringing the wives out in parties of a dozen to twenty at a time. Many husbands went down to meet them, so that several couples stepped from the train together. Some of us wondered whether one of them would be terribly upset to find her man battered and bruised by bullets. However we realized once more that permanent beauty lies in the soul, and this good wife saw no disfigured face, only a soul of love, and the two after a touching meeting walked away arm in arm. German shrapnel cannot destroy love. It was a comfort to hear a wife say when I sympathized with her having only fourteen days' visit here: "Yes, but I would have come if only for an hour."

The reception of the soldiers' wives by the Swiss was as thoughtful and considerate as in the case of the soldiers. To us onlookers, invited to join them at tea, was given a difficult part to play. One could see tears falling,

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perhaps, when the couples attempted to touch on their homes. One wife was overheard to say: "The bairns think I have gone to fetch their Daddy home; I just let them think it." One could not help being much moved to see how soldiers rejoice in each other's joys and sorrow in each others' sorrow. One could see at the station how these shy men tried to hide their deepest emotion by hurling jokes at their happier comrades.

A sergeant who was at tea along with his fellows told me he had a little girl of two and a half years who could not remember him, so the mother makes her kiss his photo every night and hold it in her hand while she says her prayers. Many of them have little children looking forward to seeing them again, and they are always longing for their home letters.

Who could help loving these men? Their quick-wittedness, their power of measuring up the Germans, their irrepressible humor, even when in pain, are perfectly wonderful. When hit with rifles they only laughed in the faces of their tormentors, to the complete bewilderment of the latter. The Germans evidently cannot comprehend the British mentality. Always merry and bright, seemed to be the motto of our men. "Are we down-hearted?—No!"

In the winter, one told me, when they were short of blankets and had little to eat, they would get up a concert to the astonishment of their captors, who wondered if they were off their heads. A certain fine looking fellow assured me that he was one of sixteen captured who were put up against a wall and fired at. All were killed but himself, and he was left for dead for two days, and when found the enemy dragged him for over a mile at the back of a machine gun,—and yet there he was "as jolly as a nigger." It is surprising that their sufferings have not stolen away their cheerfulness. An officer who has lost an arm had a visit from his wife and boy; the loss of his arm was naturally a great shock to his wife, but the boy, struck with his father's cheery face, said: "That doesn't matter. Father is as jolly as ever!"

Speaking of parcels sent out to them in prison, one soldier gave me the following account: He got a parcel from home containing a woolen shirt, a tin of meat, a tin of sardines, and tin of jam. The Germans in examining the contents pierced each tin, then rolled them all up in the shirt,—and lo! a coat of many colors!

LAUSANNE.

MY DEAR A.:

It will interest you to learn that an arrangement has been completed between the British and the German governments permitting the return to their respective countries of the first wounded Interned Prisoners of War. This is a very happy event. From Murren, Leysin and Château d'Œx, the three centres, trains have brought through Lausanne the men of whose lives I have given you a description in my former letters. This closes an epoch-making period in these men's lives. There are 600 waiting in Constance to take their places, and it is very sweet to hear the men going home say: "We are glad to be going home, not so much for our own sakes though that is a delightful thought, but because it will leave room for wounded comrades." Rumors are afloat that the men to take their places are in an even more pitiable plight than those who have been with us for fifteen months now. If that is so one almost shrinks from going to see their arrival. But when one thinks of the improvement in physical appearance and mental power of those who have left Switzerland one can only hope that a like transformation will take place in those who are coming.

The trains carrying the happy warriors home waited for about 20 minutes at Lausanne station, and the crowds that assembled to say farewell filled the platform. From their windows the men chatted with those they knew, who have been kind to them during their sojourn here. What a happy contrast for some poor fellows who fifteen months ago lay on couches in the train, the mark of wounds on face and limb!

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YOUR RED CROSS

A Summary of a Cable Received from France of Great Activities Covering a Short Period of Time

The American Red Cross in France:

Has contributed

5,000,000 francs to needy sick and wounded French soldiers and needy families of soldiers.

Has established

20 dispensaries in the American war zone for resident civilians.

A dental ambulance at a port in France for American troops.

Maintains

A hospital service which supplies 3,423 French military hospitals.

A surgical dressings service, supplying 2,000 French hospitals.

Ten canteens on the front line. Twenty more to come soon.

Is operating

Six canteens for French soldiers at important railway centres, which serve 30,000 soldiers a day.

Is establishing

Twelve rest stations at important railway centres and recuperation camps for American troops.

Is operating

An artificial limb factory and plants for manufacture of splints and nitrous oxide gas.

Has contracted

For a movable hospital of four units accommodating 1,000 men.

Maintains

A casualty service for gathering information for the wounded and missing and a medical research bureau.

Has opened

A children's refuge and hospital in the war zone.

Has established

A medical service centre and travelling dispensary for 1,200 children.

Has opened

A hospital and convalescent home for repatriated children at Evian as well as maintaining an ambulance service there.

Is about to establish infant welfare stations.

Is completing, for the French, an unfinished tuberculosis sanitarium near Paris, and is adding to the barracks erected by the City of Paris. This means adding 1,000 beds, to those now available for tuberculosis patients.

Is making arrangements on a large scale to help refugee families through the winter with clothing, beds and shelter, and for this work the entire devasted district of France has been divided into six districts with a resident Red Cross delegate in each, and warehouses have been established at four points to which are shipped the necessities of life.

Is carrying on repair work in four villiages in the devastated region to enable returned families to stay throughout the winter.

Is supplying portable houses for the use of the families which have returned to this region.

Is providing barracks to assist in the work of training disabled soldiers.

Is organizing extensive work for relief of Belgians, both children and grown people.

Is aiding the Queen of Belgium in her work for the children, and assisting in the support of hospitals.

Is bringing a certain number of children from occupied Belgium into France where they may be cared for.

Has established large central warehouses in Paris, and distribution warehouses at important points from the sea to the Swiss border.

Has a warehouse capacity of 100,000 tons, and a warehouse personnel at present numbering 125 men, most of whom are volunteers and men not eligible for military service.

Maintains a transportation department, with a personnel of about 400, which handles supplies and furnishes automobiles. It has an organized force at every port in France, and is able to handle about 350 tons of supplies daily.

Is preparing to operate a motor bus line through Switzerland from Germany to the French border to aid in transportation of repatriated and exchanged prisoners.

Operates seven garages and makes all repairs on its own cars.

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TEN MILLION RED CROSS MEMBERS BY NEW YEAR'S!

America's Christmas Gift to Our Army and Navy and to Humanity

BY

H. N. MacCRACKEN

(President of Vassar College and Executive Secretary of the National Committee for Christmas Membership)

America has awakened to what this war means in personal service and sacrifice. What their country needs Americans will give. Through their American Red Cross they have already given much that will make the hard, dangerous life "over there" more endurable. But now the hour for half-measures is over. Nothing that can be done for the comfort and safety of "Our Boys" must be left undone. We call America en masse to join us and create a Greater Red Cross.

Continental America has over one hundred million inhabitants. Some five million have joined the Red Cross. That is well, but it is only a good start. There should be twenty million members, and it is the present purpose of the Christmas Drive of the Red Cross to enroll at least ten million members.

Now that our sons, brothers, husbands, are laying down their lives for us, we are behind them with "all that we have and are." The Red Cross exists to turn our desire to comfort and aid them into swift practical measures of service. America is ready. Your Red Cross is ready. Fall in!

"Let a Greater Red Cross be your Christmas gift to 'Our Boys' and suffering mankind!"

(Signed) HENRY P. DAVISON,
Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross.

WE SHALL have a new kind of Christmas this year. There will be less of the personal, more of the national, in it. In many and many a family one vacant chair will make us want at times to say as little as possible about Christmas. "Peace on earth, with loved ones at war?" we shall ask, bitterly. Yet this Christmas season will draw us all together as a great national family, more closely than any Christmas ever did before. One common hope for humanity; one common faith that justice will win; one common willingness for sacrifice and self-denial. These national aspirations will make this Christmas memorable.

But feelings such as these must have concrete expression, and the American Red Cross provides the way. It asks for ten million Christmas members by Christmas Eve. Is it an impossible dream? That depends on the Christmas spirit of America.

The week from December 17 to Christmas Eve will tell the story. At that time there will be observed in millions of homes the Christmas ceremony of placing a lighted candle behind the Red Cross service flag. On each flag will be added a smaller cross for every additional member of the family who joins in this great national service.

It is no time for extravagant gifts and reveling. We are a sobered nation. Our gifts must mean something this year. The son, the lover, the husband, the young father has made the gift of his life to his country. What shall our gift be? Why not Christmas memberships in the Red Cross for yourself, your family, and your friends?

Why not? The American Red Cross is a National institution. It has been endowed by Congress and by the Cabinet, with special privileges of ministering relief to the army and navy, and with control of the shipping space outside of military needs. It will bring to suffering humanity the Christmas ministry of good will and help, just as far as you will let it.

Have you a right to stand outside it? It is your messenger of kindness and help. It has called thousands of workers to its tasks. They have responded nobly. Scientists and famous physicians, social workers and skilled nurses, competent minds and hands in every profession and trade are giving willing service to the Red Cross. When we wanted a chairman of our National Committee for this

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drive, we went straight to one of the busiest men in this country, Theodore N. Vail of the telephone, and conscripted him. He and the other members are heart and soul in the work. The vast bulk of the personnel is volunteers, and administrative expenses are estimated not to exceed 1½ per cent. of the amounts expended for actual relief. Can any business show a lower ratio?

The Red Cross represents you, whether you join or not. Congress and the President have so decided. They are in constant conference with its officers; they approve its work. To the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington come the cables and telegrams, calling for hospital supplies, for surgical dressings and the rest; calling for refugee garments for the stricken lands, facing a winter without fuel; and the Red Cross will do its best. If it fails, it will be because there are only twenty-four hours in a day.

But the Red Cross will be efficient, will be truly representative only as the whole American people are behind it. And that means you; that means ten million Christmas members through all this land of ours. The Red Cross needs you if it is to be democratic, if it is to profit by your interest and your experience, your criticism and your praise. No one has a right to criticize the Red Cross who is not a member, with his coat off and plunged up to the neck in Red Cross work.

There are no bleachers in this world's series. We are all in the game together. We can pull it off if we have team play. Are you with us? Will you be a Red Cross Christmas member? Your dollar will entitle you to membership for 1918. Two dollars brings not only a year's membership but a year's subscription to the RED CROSS MAGAZINE as well. If you joined earlier, join now for the Christmas joy of it and come in on the new plan of linking the Red Cross Path of Service forever with the Christmas spirit. We hope to make membership hereafter for the calendar year, to simplify bookkeeping of membership files in the chapters.

Fifty cents of your membership goes to your Red Cross chapter—goes into wool for comfortable sweaters, for the kind, soft bandages, for warm garments for freezing children. Fifty cents goes to Washington, to pay to get the supplies to those who need them, and to send experts and workers to the field. Of the two dollar membership, seventy-five cents goes to the chapter, the rest for the magazine and the national work, and the magazine pays into the Red Cross fund a substantial dividend from sales and advertising. Our treasurer is the Treasurer of the United States; our accounts are audited in a national way. Our President is your President, Woodrow Wilson. Will you stand with him this Christmas, Americans? Are you with us to the end, for humanity? Then join the Red Cross now, and be a Christmas member, letting the good deeds of the Red Cross be the expression of your own Christmas good will.

Red Cross Work

BY

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

(Of the Vigilantes)

Interminable folds of gauze
For those whom we shall never see . . . .
Remember, when your fingers pause,
That every drop of blood to stain
This whiteness, falls for you and me,
Part of the price that keeps us free
To serve our own, that keeps us clean
For shame that other women know . . . .
O, saviours we have never seen,
Forgive us that we are so slow!
God—if that blood should cry in vain,
And we have let our moment go!

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Here is a charming little play which the Red Cross kiddies can easily act for the benefit of the Red Cross. The parts and staging are all so simple that they can easily be understood by even the very smallest tots, yet the underlying motive of the protective spirit of the Red Cross can readily be grasped. As a play for the schoolroom or the junior branches it is ideal.

The Red Cross Policeman

A REALISTIC PLAY FOR CHILDREN

BY

STARK YOUNG

Illustrations by Signe Nelson

(Notes for production: The theatre may be as simple or as splendid as you wish—a box, an opening in some sort of wall-board or wood, or a little model of a regular theatre. Dolls or figures cut out and tacked on to blocks to make them stand up, and worked by hand from the sides, or worked from above with wires, may be used for the characters. Or real children may act the parts. Andrew, the little boy's, house is painted on a cardboard sheet with windows cut here and there, pasted over with thin paper. The policeman appears by being lighted from off the scene, or by an electric bulb in his inside.)

(The night before Christmas. A street in front of Andrew's house. It is almost dark and the light of the windows shines in bright squares here and there. At the corner of the house the Policeman with the Red Cross on his breast stands like a statue, though one can scarcely see him at all just now. The clock is striking two. Two robbers enter.)

THE ROBBER WITH THE CLOAK

(In a harsh, cruel voice.)

Two o'clock. He will be asleep now surely. And I know he has some pennies and a silver cup that we can get. We will sell them and spend the money for ourselves. Heh, Partner?

THE FAT ROBBER

(In a growling, thick voice.)

Yes. We will just tie the boy down and take what we please. Perhaps his mother has some rings too, and his father a gold watch.

THE ROBBER WITH THE CLOAK

Well, we'll see who has the pretty trinkets to-morrow. Come, where's your false key for the door?

THE FAT ROBBER

Here it is. Come, come on!

(The POLICEMAN with the Red Cross on his breast suddenly shines out like one of the little glass statues of him with a light inside that go on the Christmas Tree. The robbers give a yell of surprise.)

THE ROBBER WITH THE CLOAK

Oh, oh, look out, look out, there he is!

THE FAT ROBBER

Who is he, who is he?

THE LITTLE BOY

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THE FAIRY PRINCE

THE POLICEMAN

No matter who I am. You get away from here, you Robbers, or I'll be cracking your two heads with my club, you wicked Robbers.

THE ROBBERS

It's a policeman! Don't beat us, don't beat us!

THE POLICEMAN

You ought to be ashamed of yourself to hurt this little boy. On Christmas Eve, too! You shall not do it. He is one of our Red Cross lads. To-day he gave his pennies for the soldiers in France and sent his top to a little boy whose father was killed in battle. I won't let you hurt him. Get out. Begone—or I will——

THE ROBBERS

(Running away).

Oh, oh, we are gone, we are off.

(The POLICEMAN disappears. A growl is heard. Enter a wild beast, a tiger, or perhaps he is a wolf or a lion, at any rate he is a very terrible beast. You can tell he eats people by the way he strides along, and that now he is very hungry.

THE WILD BEAST

Grrrrrr, grrrrr, grrrrr, I smell a nice little boy. Grrr, grrrr, I am going to creep in that door and eat him up. I like to bite the heads off nice little boys. Grrrrr——

(The POLICEMAN appears).

THE POLICEMAN

Hey there, you big tomcat, where are you going? Hold on there! Hold on there!

THE WILD BEAST

Grrrr, grrrrr, I am going in to eat up a little boy that I smell in that house there. Grrrrr! Eat him alive!

THE POLICEMAN

No you won't, either. Get back, or I will break your tail with this stick, you savage beast. He is a kind little boy; he loves the dog, and the birds, and the deer in the park, and even the funny little monkeys in their cages. He loves all live creatures. You wicked wild beast, off with you! Be off! Quick!

(The WILD BEAST becomes very much frightened and runs away with a great howl and growling. The POLICEMAN disappears. MRS. BREAD enters, puffing and out of breath, for she is very fat.)

MRS. BREAD

Ugh, it's a long way walking here in the dark but I mean to spank this bad boy. He does not like me or my children, and I will show him what I mean to do. There's the door!

(The POLICEMAN appears. MRS. BREAD gives a shriek.)

MRS. BREAD

Dear me, dear me, whatever is that?

THE POLICEMAN

Mrs. Bread! You naughty old Mrs. Bread,

THE WILD BEAST

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you old Popover, go away! You say you mean to hurt the dear little Andrew! Why, pray tell me why?

MRS. BREAD

They tell me that he does not like me or my children, neither Muffin nor Bunnie nor Bisky nor Rollie, but throws us to the dog and cries for tarts and cakes. Just because he thinks they are rich and proud. I will punish him!

THE POLICEMAN

If you don't let him alone, I'll settle you so that you will never rise again, Mrs. Bread! Hear that! Go away! He does not cry for cake, he loves nice browned toasts and good soft rolls in the bright morning. He says, "Oh, how nice the buns smell!" He loves your children, and he knows that they are his friends.

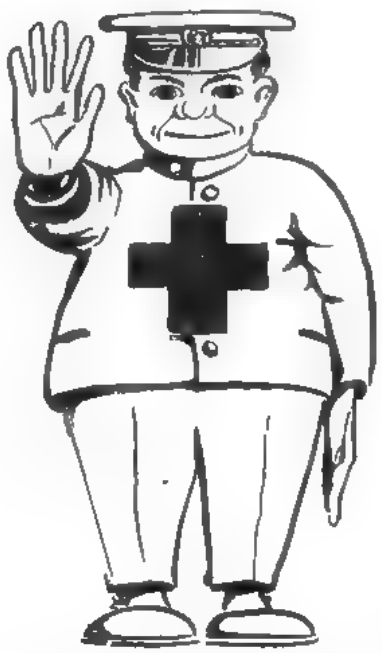
MRS. BREAD

Indeed? Why they told me wrong then! I am glad to hear that. What a Merry Little Andrew! I will not go into his house. I will just leave him this basket as a present; it is full of nice things. There's white bread and brown bread and Sally Lunns and Holland Rusks and Popovers and Flapjacks. Will you please give it to him when he comes out in the morning, Mr. Policeman?

THE POLICEMAN

I will gladly, Mrs. Bread. He will be going

MR PINE CONE



THE RED CROSS POLICEMAN

this way to the Christmas tree. And he will be glad to have your present here, for it will save wheat and corn for the soldiers. Good-night. Or rather good morning!

MRS. BREAD

Good-bye. You are a good friend. You are a good friend to Andrew.

THE POLICEMAN

He is a good little boy, that's it.

(She goes out, the POLICEMAN disappears.

MR. PINECONE enters. He is a funny little old man who bumps along when he walks and he wears a rough brown coat and has a whispering sort of voice like wind in the pine boughs.)

MR. PINECONE

I'd rather be at home sitting on needles than stumbling here in the night. Why is there no lamp for me? Is this the house, I wonder? No, I am on the wrong road. I'll just go on and on till I find the house. On and on, stumble and push on, Mr. Pinecone, that's your business.

(The POLICEMAN appears.)

THE POLICEMAN

No, no, wait, Mr. Pinecone, this is where

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Andrew lives, his house is here. What is it you want? But you don't mean to hurt him, do you?

MR. PINECONE

Oh, no, not at all. I'd never hurt such a dear little boy. To tell you the truth I have been coming ever since sunset to this house, bringing him some presents from the wood-people. You see he is kind to them and never tears them up from the earth and leaves them to die by the roadside. These are gifts for him when he grows to be a soldier. Miss Pussy Willow sends silken down for his pillow. Miss Forgetmenot sends a blue ribbon to remember his friends by. And there is a golden bugle from Mr. Foxglove and a box of sweets from Mrs. Honey Bee that has the candy shop in the hedge. And a hero's wreath from the Laurels. Ugh, I'm tired of this heavy basket. Too far, too far!

THE POLICEMAN

How jolly, all those pretty things! The little boy will be very happy. He is going to be a soldier some day.

MR. PINECONE

Well, good-bye, I'll just leave them here with you and thanks. And now I've got to stumble all the way back again! Too far, too far!

(He goes out. The FAIRY PRINCE appears. He came either from the side or down out of the sky above, you may not be quite sure which; and he looks like an angel dressed in a shining Christmas tree.)

THE FAIRY PRINCE

You are the friend that watches over the merry little Andrew, who loves us fairies and sends messages to us? Are you?

THE POLICEMAN

I am that. And what will you have, Sir?

THE FAIRY PRINCE

My mother, the Faerie Queen sends me with these beautiful things, forty-eight golden stars and a piece of blue sky, and bands of sunset and white cloud, to put them together and make his flag of them. She sends these beautiful things because this little boy loves the fairies. I will leave them with you. I must hurry on away before the day comes. But look, there is a faint rose opening in the sky, I must away. Ahoy, Ahoy!

(He is gone all of a sudden, down the dark street or floating away into the air.)

THE POLICEMAN

Bless my soul, the pretty young fellow is gone!

(He disappears. Morning dawns. You can see the POLICEMAN plainly now, standing there like a wooden statue in front of a cigar shop. The little boy comes out of the house.)

ANDREW

What a happy day! Ah, I see the policeman standing at his corner. Everyone thinks it is only a wooden statue painted over; Cook says so and Nurse says so, but I know better. Mr. Policeman, Mr. Policeman, I have been a good boy, please speak to me, won't you please! Oh, what if I was dreaming and he is only a statue after all, as Nurse says. Oh dear!

THE POLICEMAN

(Suddenly growing brighter.)

Ha, ha, ha, so you thought you were dreaming. Oh no, little Boy, there are no dreams, they are all true things. No, I won't leave you. I have some presents for you.

ANDREW

Presents for me? Oh, how jolly! Who could have left them? Who has been here?

THE POLICEMAN

Oh a number of persons have been here. I will tell you about it all. But I must disappear so that no one will see me. Come close and I will whisper it all to you.

(He disappears and seems to be only a statue again.)

ANDREW

Just wait a minute till I put the stars and the blue sky and the sunrise stripes together. (He leans over the presents and unfurls a beautiful flag.) Now, good old policeman, I'm coming. Now tell me. And I love you and nobody knows.

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THE FOLKS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

Mr. W. Frank Persons, Director General of Civilian Relief, Tells of What the Red Cross Is Doing and Plans to Do for the Soldiers' Families

BY

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY
(Author of "The Balance")

YOU have met the man, of course, who has all the misinformation in the world, according to whom sugar is high because the Mormons are holding it, and that Great Britain is striking back at the Irish by going to war with Germany

Keeping him in mind for an instant, go out now and ask the "man in the street," what the Red Cross does. Nine out of ten times you will get the vague answer: "Why, makes surgical dressings, I guess." It is a tribute, of course, to the value of the show window—the magic of the visible thing. In nearly every city of the United States, for months past, hundreds of women have been plainly in view making and packing bandages. Nine out of ten men accept the Red Cross at face value—or at least what they can see of it.

Your tenth man, however, is apt to be different.

"Oh, yes—the Red Cross," he says, and criticism fairly spurts from his eyes. "Why, don't you know that there is glass in the bandages, graft in the offices, poison in the Christmas seals, jealousy in the management—that they wear the sweaters and shovel the surgical dressings out the back door? And furthermore they sell almost everything they get?"

You are surprised, of course. You have always thought of the Red Cross as composed of fairly decent folks.

Oh, no, not at all, he tells you. There are hundreds of things in connection with the Red Cross that you don't know. They are always asking for money, for instance, and never doing anything except for people who are at least three thousand miles away. And who knows if they really do that? Why aren't they a branch of the government—it's all just a question of relief, the essentials of life?

Then he warms up.

The Government, now (for the moment the Government is safe) the Government has just passed a law granting allowances to soldiers' families. Right at home! Home—that is the kind of thing needed. That is what the soldiers and their families are interested in these days. Both now and after the war, too. Why doesn't the Red Cross do something about them?

Well, you reflect as you hurry away, well that would be a good thing. "The folks at home" is probably the unvoiced thought in the heart of every one of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors. How will he find his wife, his children, his sweetheart, when he comes home? Worry over them fills the monotonous hours of training, of camp detail, and guard duty which make up the grind of the soldiers' life at present.

And the Red Cross has received $100,000,000 in addition to its other income. It doesn't seem fair that all this money and effort should be spent in war work in France, in Belgium, in Italy—for relief for the sick and wounded while no thought even is given to those families whose life has been dislocated by the changes war brings.

But is it true you wonder. Isn't the Red Cross going to do anything for the people at home?

Well, the Red Cross is going to do a great deal for the people at home. These questions have not occurred solely to our friend in the street. They have occurred to other people as well—people who have not been content to voice them and then hurry on. Answers to such questions can be secured in a certain corner room of the new marble Red Cross building in Washington.

"The folks at home," in fact, are an old story to the Director General of Civilian Relief, Mr. W. Frank Persons, in his office whose windows give a glimpse of winter trees and war buildings, of the Washington Monument, of avenues crowded with soldiers in olive drab

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of streets dotted with English and French officers—of Washington in war time. Due to him, questions regarding them came up, were discussed and answered many months ago.

There was at hand, when he assumed office in July, the regular organization of the Civilian Red Cross that had relieved in the past such disasters as Messina and San Francisco, and that has found time even in these days to extend its aid to flooded Tien-Tsin and earthquake-stricken San Salvador—an organization held to strict efficiency and financial accountability.

How could it be enlarged and devoted to work so delicate and universal as the sympathetic care of lonely and anxious wives and children of soldiers and sailors? Work such as this would combine the necessity for trained, tireless, social workers with a national need, and would demand endless patriotism and perseverance owing to its undramatic character, far removed from the firing line, and to its infinite variety of problems.

The mere will to serve would not be enough, Mr. Persons realized, if the problem were to be solved. How could such a situation be met? That was the question.

MEETING THE SITUATION

The answer was not long in coming.

His first step was the preparation of a small, unimposing looking booklet, a booklet that does not use technical terms but that speaks with the voice of kindness and consideration and thoroughness, that tells in simple terms what to do and in great measure how to do it.

Its keynote is sounded upon the first page. "When the soldiers and sailors return from the war, the families entrusted to the care of the Red Cross should be found to have maintained, as far as humanly possible, the essential standards of home life. . . . ."

The book is called the "Manual of Home Service" and it is wonderful little volume.

Mr. Persons felt that he had made a start. He was quick to see, however, that the carrying out of such a programme of mercy would require a familiarity with new problems and a faculty in dealing with them which could be acquired only through experience and training in things which no manual could ever impart.

It did not take Mr. Persons long to remedy the situation either. Early in September he called into conference in Washington more than a score of the leading teachers of social welfare in the United States to take hold of this tremendous problem and provide a solution—in advance.

"It is impossible to give you any idea of the enthusiasm and energy with which that gathering set to work," Mr. Persons will tell you. "Understand, there were very few records of similar war work in England or France to which we could look for guidance. It was a case of having to strike out for ourselves."

And they struck out for themselves. The result has been encouragingly apparent through the fall and winter.

In twenty-five of the largest cities of the United States, cities as widely separated as Atlanta and Seattle, selected groups of men and women have been gathering each week this winter to fit themselves to carry on the work planned. They are enrolled in serious courses of lectures and reading, prepared at the Washington conference, called Home Service Institutes, which are under the direction of some of the most experienced social teachers in the country. In consequence the workers are growing daily in number, keeping pace with the need—trained workers who will be capable of grappling with this most difficult task of adjusting human relationships.

"Every family's need is different," said Mr. Persons, "and no law and no amount of money, can cover all needs."

A WHITE HOUSE GUARD

"We got on the track of one of our many chances to help the other day here in Washington—a corporal in the regulars with a little Irish wife and two children of whom he was very fond. When war was declared, he was ordered here to be one of the White House guards. He brought his wife and children with him. The day before the third child was to be born, the war came home to him in a very vivid way. He was ordered away. He borrowed what money he could for his wife, but he knew no one in Washington and he went away filled with anxiety—to put it mildly.

"When we got in touch with his wife and children through his letter to us, the secretary of our Home Service section found her in actual want, in need of medical attention, and her condition aggravated to an alarming

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extent by her despair over her inability to manage alone.

"The Home Service worker was able to be of direct assistance at once. She secured a woman, with a baby of her own, who was more than eager to help in the house, called proper medical assistance, and a situation which threatened to destroy the home of a soldier absent on service was taken care of in time."

Mr. Persons turned to his desk.

"It is typical of the sort of thing that is going to happen, and that is happening all over the country, even where the people concerned are doing their best. There are now nearly two thousand families getting help from the Home Service Sections in New York City alone.

"Things may be more difficult to remedy, of course, in homes where there is a terrible depression because of the loss of the intimate relationships of home life. We have had many, very many instances of the terrible loneliness of these homes, and that, too, where there was no financial question involved. The problem more often than not is one of character and associations. Here is a sentence which expresses it, in one of the letters I have here: 'It is very hard when there is no one who comes home at night.'

"But it is not always a matter of wife and children, either."

He drew forth a file of papers.

"Just a little while ago a little old lady came to us with a request for work of some kind. Investigation revealed the fact that she and her invalid husband, who formerly had been a minister, were living in great privation in a little bungalow outside the city—a bungalow which their married son had built for the family near the army post where he had been stationed.

"He had been among the first to face the war. He had been sent to the Pacific Coast at once, taking his wife with him. Left behind in the bungalow, his mother had kept the true state of affairs from him, trying to subsist on the little money he could send her when his wife's expenses were paid That her son was sending her all he could spare, she knew. So she herself, at sixty-nine, was trying to secure work to take care of herself and her invalid husband.

"There was no thought of neglect or injustice in her mind. This was war. She had eaten sorghum and black peas in Richmond in 1865. She could do it again, if need were.

"Only after a great deal of difficulty was she persuaded to allow the Home Service Section to pay for the carpenter work necessary to make half of their bungalow a separate apartment. But the rent from this and the very light work secured for her have made life a different thing. She can do a little better than black peas and sorghum.

"No one can foresee the variety of situations where assistance will be needed. To some extent these stories illustrate the kind of aid Home Service is prepared to extend at the present moment. And these are only a few instances, indicative, perhaps, of what is in store for us. There may be needs in many thousands of homes, undiscovered as yet.

"It is their right to be helped. They will be helped, once they are known. To my way of thinking, in fact, the greatest opportunity for the women of America lies in this service. What the soldiers and sailors will find on their return—soldiers and sailors no longer, but everyday brothers and husbands—will depend in great measure on what we people at home have done. It is not only an opportunity, it is a duty. I hope that we will realize the task before us.

"It is rather surprising, in the light of such things, to receive letters like this one——"

He tossed across to me a short letter, with a heading from some town in Tennessee.

"Dear Sir," I read, "What are the Red Cross Institutes intended to do? The people who need Civilian Relief simply need money. They don't have to be nursed or taken care of. It seems to me that the Red Cross should spend its money in supplying the essentials of life and not waste it on experiments.

"Yours Truly"

Mr. Persons's eyes gleamed as he said quietly:

"It is odd that people should feel that way, when we cannot tell what may face us in this field any more than in any other phase of war work. The Red Cross is pledged to Home Service wherever needed in the United States. We include the families of men enlisted in the service of our Allies as well as of American soldiers and sailors. We are going to be prepared. We shall have a Home Service Section in each chapter. By no other means can we be sure that the responsibility will not be overlooked and finally lost. Without a group

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charged with this responsibility there will be soldiers' children dropping out of school, children deprived of timely medical treatment; there will be soldiers' wives wheedled or cheated out of their incomes by fakirs; and there will be soldiers' homes broken up during their absence by temptation or misfortune of one kind or another which the strong will and informed mind of a friend at hand might have overcome.

"There is a real task for the Home Service Section in every community from which soldiers and sailors have gone and from which more must go."

But Mr. Persons had stated that there was no telling what the future might bring forth. Was this as far as the Home Service of the Department of Civilian Relief was prepared to go? In other words—what of the future?

THE FUTURE

Well, the future is being taken care of also. Mr. Persons is not content with the present situation either, although all his activities may not take dramatic form. To the public eye, indeed, they appear principally in the shape of booklets, compiled by experts, completely covering their subject, which are called manuals. In reality, however, they are the conclusions of past experience applied to the present need—means by which stay-at-home America may intelligently maintain the comfort of its soldiers' homes and the morale of its fighting forces.

So far as the future is concerned it is a fact of sad significance that of the two booklets now in preparation, one is to be entitled, "After Care of Crippled Men."

"The United States Government has already recognized the prospective need of special hospitals and of special industrial training for the crippled," Mr. Persons explained. "The Army and Navy are preparing for it in very thorough-going fashion and on a vast scale.

"But no matter what degree of success may attend the skill of the surgeon and of the teacher, the time will come when the crippled man—returned home as a civilian—may need the sympathetic and earnest attention of the Home Service Section. There lies before us the necessity of awakening a genuine interest on the part of employers so that these men will have every opportunity of self support. The men themselves, in many cases, will have to be encouraged to continue their work until finally refitted for industry and self support.

"The future always will contain some insistent call upon us for aid—the call of humanity. We must constantly plan ahead. The Red Cross, when the war is over, must be ready for the tasks that will then confront it. They will be many and varied."

Mr. Persons's hand fell upon a sheet of the Red Cross Christmas Seals which lay upon his desk.

"Do not think for an instant, however, that we are neglecting our other fields of work—our Red Cross Christmas Seals, our country nursing, our organization for the relief of disaster which is kept always in readiness. For the moment only, I am thinking of them as 'another story.'

"I want to emphasize our efforts for Home Service at this time, until all our own people, our own soldiers and sailors wherever they are, may know that so far as human beings are capable of aiding one another in anxiety or distress they will find their wives and families comforted and protected, and with their standards as they left them before the war. If it is in the power of the Red Cross to accomplish this, it will be so."

Spiritually as well as materially the Red Cross is prepared. Whatever the future may bring forth, the wives and children of wartime America will not be neglected. Nor the returning soldiers, either. The Department of Civilian Relief does not wear dramatic raiment, but there is a real thrill in it just the same. There is living democracy in the spirit of the Home Service. The phrase will ring in my head for some time.

Home Service! Civilian Relief!

No, it isn't all surgical dressings in the Red Cross Building in Washington.

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FOR THE RELIEF OF RUSSIA

The Visit of the American Red Cross Commission to Russia—The Relief Work During the War—Russia's Efforts to find a Stable Government and the Aid the United States can Give to her Problems

BY

DR. FRANK BILLINGS

(Chairman, the American Red Cross Commission to Russia)

THE American Red Cross Commission consisting of a personnel of twenty-nine, of whom sixteen were commissioners and sub-commissioners, went to Russia via Canada and Japan. The Mission arrived at Vladivostok on July 26 and Petrograd on August 7th. Seventy tons of medical and surgical supplies were taken by the Mission and this enabled the American Red Cross to give immediate aid to the Russian army.

The Mission found that there were in Russia three governmental relief organizations whose chief work is to supply war relief. These were: the Sanitary Department of the army, the Russian Red Cross, and the All Union of Zemstvos and Towns. These public relief organizations are supported by the government, but are administered separately. Up to the time of the arrival of the Mission in Russia these three organizations had not cooperated fully in the relief work. At the battle front each organization supplied ambulances, field hospitals and, farther in the rear, base and evacuation hospitals. At the front because the work was done upon a sector of the front during a battle, there was necessarily coöperation But each organization conducted its own field, base and evacuation hospital. Each one organized and manufactured drugs, medical and surgical dressings, instruments, artificial limbs, crutches, and each maintained its own supply warehouse. In making a survey of the needs of the army, each one of the organizations desired to make separate specifications of things which could not be obtained in Russia and which they desired to obtain through the American Red Cross. It was seen by the Mission that it could not give rational aid unless the Russian relief organizations would agree to coöperate in their relief work and especially in their specifications of the entire needs of the army. The Mission found some difficulty in convincing the officers of the respective organizations to do this, but finally they formed a joint committee on specifications and a subcommittee on disbursement of supplies to be obtained through the American Red Cross. As soon as this had been accomplished the organizations saw the practical importance of the coöperation between themselves and with us and cordially endorsed it as an evidence of American practicability.

SPLENDID ORGANIZATION FOR RELIEF

In the survey made by the Mission of the factories, the supply houses, the ambulance service and field hospitals at the front, of the base hospitals, the evacuation sanitary trains and the evacuation hospitals at the rear, it was found that the administration of all of the three relief organizations was of the highest order The character of the heads, the chiefs of staff, the surgeons and physicians, was most excellent. The initiative and technique of the physicians and surgeons in the relief work was equal to if not better than that of the general hospitals of America. The factories of the three organizations turn out enormous supplies of the commoner types of drugs, of surgical dressings and gauze and of underclothing and pajamas. Russia cannot command certain materials for the manufacture of all that she needs. In the way of drugs there is need of opium which they use rather than its derivations in the form of morphine. They cannot make enough salicylic acid or some of its compounds like aspirin and they need larger quantities of corrosive sublimate, digitalis, cascara, valerian root and many other of the simpler drugs. They manufacture many surgical instruments but not enough to supply their needs. The All Union of Zemstvos and Towns operates a chemical factory, the first of its kind in Russia, where they make salicylic acid and the salicylate compounds, dieuretin

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and altogether sixteen chemicals. This is a model chemical factory. Up to this time they have been able to obtain in Russia large quantities of surgical gauze and other cotton fabrics. Professor Ordin, chief of the Red Cross supplies, informed the Mission when an inspection was made of their supply house, that they had in stock 50 million metres of gauze and surgical dressings and 5 million suits of cotton underclothing for the soldiers. The All Union of Zemstvos and Towns, the best public relief organization of Russia, is maintained by an enormous membership chiefly of peasants and workmen and has given an enormous amount of relief to the army since the war began. In addition to furnishing ambulance and field service at the front, base and evacuation hospitals and hospital trains to the rear, the peasants have made surgical instruments, tanned 500,000 raw hides of cattle slaughtered at the front, from which they have made boots and shoes, and they have furnished 500,000 beds for the hospitals. The Zemstvos have also aided in the manufacture of munitions and of guns. The Zemstvos Union doctors at the front have charge of the immunization of the soldiers against typhoid, paratyphoid, fevers and cholera. Owing to the lack of laboratory supplies, they have finally reached the point where they cannot make vaccines in sufficient amount.

COÖPERATION FOR RELIEF

The three relief organizations coöperate fairly well in the operation of the evacuation of the sick and wounded soldiers. For this purpose they operate approximately 100 sanitary trains from the front to the seven districts into which Russia is divided for this work. The district, of which Moscow is the centre, is the largest evacuation region. This evacuation district operates fifty-five sanitary trains and 200,000 hospital beds of which 20,000 are in Moscow. The beds in Moscow are used for the sick and wounded soldiers who are too ill to be evacuated beyond Moscow. The evacuation train service and the evacuation hospitals in Moscow are models in type and the administration of the work is admirable. At the evacuation hospitals the sick and wounded are examined. The very badly injured and very sick are kept in Moscow, the slightly wounded and moderately sick are evacuated after two or three days to hospitals in the rear as far back as Siberia and as far south as the Crimea. When possible the sick or wounded soldier is sent to a hospital near his home. In the evacuation hospital the soldier is given a bath, a hair cut and his clothing properly numbered, is disinfected by the steam-formalin process in a most thorough way.

The amount of relief which the three war relief organizations of Russia have done since the war began, the admirable way in which it has been accomplished, the great technical skill shown by the medical and surgical officers and the maintenance of all of this work, in spite of the economic depression and the natural confusion dependent upon the long war and the revolution, aroused the admiration and commendation of every member of the Mission.

The Zemstvos Union has charge of the reeducation of the crippled and blind and of their reëmployment. The organization and administration of this work too is most excellent. Apparently nothing is left undone. Prof. Vreden of the Sanitary Department of the army conducts a very large orthopedic hospital in Petrograd. Here the crippled are cared for with artificial limbs, are reëducated and many of them employed in factories connected with the institution.

Sanatoria for tuberculous soldiers are maintained in the Crimea. From the officers of the relief organizations it was learned that approximately 30,000 tuberculous soldiers have been discovered among the sick and wounded evacuated from the front and these were being cared for in the sanatoria.

THE FOOD SUPPLY OF RUSSIA

During the winter of 1916-17 bread riots occurred in Petrograd and Moscow because of the scarcity of food. A survey of the food conditions of Russia was made by Major Harold H. Swift and Major Henry C. Sherman of the Mission. It was found that the crop of 1917 with the surplus carried over from previous years was sufficient in quantity to supply Russia with all needed food until another crop shall have been grown. As far as could be estimated from statistics, more or less unreliable because of war conditions, there seems to be more cattle, sheep and swine in Russia than there were in 1914. There is food scarcity in two of the northern provinces where lack of rain has resulted in a poor crop this year. Lack of transportation prevents a

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proper distribution of food supplies of the grain districts of Russia and of Siberia to the famine provinces and to large cities like Petrograd and Moscow. There is food scarcity in the large cities chiefly of wheat bread, sugar, milk, cream, butter, cheese and animal fats. There is usually a sufficient supply of fish, fowl, beef, horse meat, mutton and vegetables. Fruits of rather poor quality may be obtained. Black whole rye bread can usually be obtained, but it often is delayed in its delivery until late in the day. In short, there is sufficient food material in Russia. The lack of distribution due to faulty transportation is the cause of food shortage in certain places. It would be impossible to obtain these food supplies from overseas to make up this shortage in the famine provinces and in the large cities. Relief must come from within and that by the reëstablishment of law and order and afterward improvement in transportation which will afford adequate distribution of sufficient food for all the people of Russia. This cannot be done immediately and consequently there will be greater food shortage in Petrograd, Moscow and certain northern provinces because of the long distance of these points from the sources of food supply.

THE NEEDS OF THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

The Mission made a survey of the needs of the children and mothers in Petrograd and Moscow. From governmental and other sources it was found that there are approximately 400,000 children from one to fifteen years of age in Petrograd and probably 250,000 in Moscow. Conferences were held with the Minister of Social Health, with private child relief organizations, with the officers of the All Russian Congress on Child Welfare and it was finally decided to ask the American Red Cross to aid in feeding and clothing as many of these children as possible during the coming winter. The War Council of the American Red Cross responded to the appeal and in October 1,200,000 cans of condensed milk were shipped to Russia and 1,000,000 pounds will be forwarded each month.

THE NEED OF AMBULANCES

Russia has occupied a front of about 1,200 miles. During the period of the war there have been numerous advances and masterly retreats. The public relief organizations have had to do an enormous work as has been described. There has been much fighting, there have been many wounded and many sick. During the whole war Russia has not had a sufficient number of ambulances. Horse-drawn ambulances have, as a rule, been chiefly employed at the front and of these a great number are used, but still in insufficient number. As a rule these are two wheeled carts capable of conveying two wounded men. The distance these carts travel varies from one to fifteen miles and the time consumed is necessarily long. The character of the terrain and the mode of conveyance causes increased suffering of the wounded soldiers. It is the opinion of well informed Russians and of the members of the Mission who visited the front, that the conveyance of the wounded would be very much improved by the use of a light motor ambulance of the Ford type. The Mission has, therefore, advised the War Council that if Russia continues in the war, an adequate number of Ford ambulances should be sent to Russia in time to be of service in the late spring of 1918. It is also believed that an American personnel of ambulance drivers and mechanicians commanded by medical officers, should also be sent to work on the Russian front, but a personnel should be sent only if certain conditions in Russia shall be modified to insure the health and life of the Americans. These modifications involve that Russia shall again become an effective fighting force; that living and food conditions shall be improved in a reasonable degree to meet American standards; that the American personnel shall consist of enlisted men of the U. S. Army and of medical officers of the Medical Officers Reserve Corps, assigned to this service by the Surgeon General. That the medical officers selected shall be qualified in sanitary science, or that there shall be added to the personnel non-medical men qualified as sanitary engineers; that the motor ambulances shall be so modified in construction that they may serve during a battle as ambulances and during other periods as sanitary units in the disinfection of clothing, the de-lousing, the bathing of soldiers and in the abatement of unsanitary conditions in the trenches and in the rear. If other motor ambulances are furnished to Russia but one heavier type of car should be chosen for longer hauls of the injured and sick. If one light and one heavy type of car are adopted for Russia, spare parts may be shipped

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and repairs made without loss of time and at much less expense than if many types of cars are used. An American personnel in Russia would be of enormous value as an object lesson to the Russian soldiers in the maintenance of discipline and effective work in the person of a citizen of a democratic republic.

AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

The members of American Red Cross Mission to Russia, without exception, are of the opinion that the first Provisional Government of revolutionary Russia founded and maintained by the most extreme Socialistic elements of Russia and the world will finally emerge from a condition of weakness to one of real stability. During the revolution the Provisional Government of Russia based upon the principles of extreme socialism has been in reality an experimental laboratory of Socialism. It has taught the thinking people of Russia that socialism cannot be the fundamental basis of a constitutional and free government. That a government cannot exist without law and order and that submission to discipline and leadership are fundamental to good government and to democratic liberty. Those members of the Provisional Cabinet who in the earlier days of the revolution were strong Socialists, have through responsibility learned a lesson and the people who have suffered, particularly the great mass of workmen and peasants have learned through bitter experience that they must have a stable government with law and order and that they must be industrious if they are to enjoy a real freedom.

The Russian people more or less isolated need the support, the friendship and the sympathy of her Allies. America is in a position to give material aid in the form of medical and surgical relief to her army and of material relief to her civilian people especially the children. Such relief as America may well give will be not great in amount, but the results will be many times the intrinsic value of the supplies given. It will hearten the Russian citizens, will teach the soldier that he must fight for the freedom he desires and it will cement the friendship between the two great peoples of the republics of America and Russia.

TO SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS

Thousands of schools are now using THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE for class room reading. In every number there are sections suitable for this purpose.

The absolute necessity of teaching our children American ideals, the principles of democracy and humanity, are obvious, and our duty in this respect has been definitely set forth in President Wilson's message to educators, in which he says:

> "I urge that teachers and other school officers increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on the problems of community and national life.
>
> "Such a plea is in no way foreign to the spirit of American public education, or to existing practices. Nor is it a plea for a temporary enlargement of the school programme appropriate merely to the period of the war. It is a plea for a realization in public education of the new emphasis which the war has given to the ideals of democracy and to the broader conceptions of national life."

Study this matter—it is most important—write to the magazine, telling of your experiences, and give us your suggestions for this great work, helping the plan to universal adoption.

—THE EDITORS, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.

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ABOUT THE MAGAZINE

THE past few months have been periods of great interest in the Magazine Department of the American Red Cross, and the record is one of astonishing development.

In August, the first month of the enlarged magazine, the subscription list was even then large, and of that number 300,000 copies were printed, but the list grew so fast that for December 750,000 copies were printed to fill subscriptions already received. After the literary matter and pictures are ready, it takes an output of more than 75,000 a day to meet the schedule.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

We receive hundreds of changes every day, and we make these changes as quickly as possible; but six weeks should be allowed for the change to become effective. To secure the best result the following form should be used:

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, Garden City, N. Y.
Please change my address

From Old Address	Signed (name in full) .....
	Street Address. .....
	Town or City .....
	State .....
To: New Address	Signed (name in full) .....
	Street Address. .....
	Town or City .....
	State .....

Do not send letters referring to Magazine matters to your Chapter or to Washington, but directly to Garden City, N. Y., where the list of magazine subscribers is kept. *On the other hand send no money to the Magazine but to your branch or chapter.*

DUPLICATE COPIES

Many people have joined the Red Cross in different places and in different classes. We intend to send only one copy to a person—unless especially requested to do otherwise. No duplicates are sent intentionally, but in so large a list errors creep in, and if you are getting more than one copy, please notify us as soon as possible.

A COMPLICATED TASK

Probably no magazine subscription list in the world has grown so rapidly, and in the months of January and February we shall often have to handle twenty, or even thirty thousand magazine subscriptions in a single day. To cut the name plate and put it in its place, to proof-read and check it, to print the name on the magazine or wrapper, and to get the first number of the magazine in the mail—is quite a complicated task involving about a dozen separate operations and takes time.

When a magazine membership expires your name is removed from the list and if you are anxious, as we hope, not to lose a number send your membership ($2.00 or more) to *your branch or chapter* with the request that your name be sent promptly to the magazine. There is no other way to get all the numbers.

If your subscription comes after the edition is exhausted, we must wait for the next issue to be ready before we can send you your magazine, and although we deeply regret the delay, we are helpless to remedy it, as no one can possibly tell in advance how many subscriptions are coming to us—we only know when they arrive.

Please be assured, however, that every effort is made to give you service; and urge your Branch or Chapter to send your subscription promptly. Often delays are traced to the fact that your name is held at the Branch or Chapter—a trouble which is beyond our power to help.

WIDESPREAD INTEREST

The editorial correspondence of the magazine is so large and interesting, coming from all parts of the world, that one realizes how quickly the magazine is making its way. In the September issue George Madden Martin told how the note of a poor Belgian refugee to her husband in the trenches had traveled thousands of miles, touching the hearts of the people wherever it went and bringing back a store of comforts for the Belgians. This story was called, "The Completed Circle," but a better title would have been "The Ever-Widen-

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ing Circle," for, as a pebble is thrown into the water, so has this circle widened.

The author has had scores of letters of cheer for the Belgians. Perhaps the most touching, though, came from far off Hawaii. Here is the letter:

Last night Mother read to me out of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE. She read me the letter of the poor peasant girl who lost her new baby, a little girl and the woman's mother. Besides that Mother read to us about the meeting of the women of the "Cabbage Patch," and the girls' school. That night after the story I made up my mind that I would send my money and Mother said I could. I am very happy that I can do something to help the poor Belgian babies.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live on the island of Kauai which is the fourth largest island in the group of eight islands named the "Territory of Hawaii." My mother is Post Mistress and I stay down here with her. I have my lessons every day regularly. When the mail comes in I work right along. I wash and wipe the dishes every day and sometimes Mother or Father helps me. I hope that the little Belgian babies will get some milk some day that was bought with my money.

Hoping I will help, your friend,

ANITA BELLE BROWN.

NO MORE DOGS, PLEASE

In the November issue of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, Mr. Walter A. Dyer wrote of the great work of the Red Cross dogs in war, how they had come to be a recognized branch of the service and the need of them in America. Within a week no fewer than seven dogs—ranging from German police dogs to cocker spaniels—were at our disposal. At the end of the second week later, the National Headquarters informed us that the dog situation was becoming serious and to stop the avalanche of dogs before they were snowed under. So word had to be hastily sent the chapters, "No Dogs Need Apply." But even now, an occasional one comes wandering in.

REAL AMERICANS

One day last month, among the lists of new subscribers, we came across the following:

Nellie Red Shirt
Spotted Horse
Sugar Woman
Swing Around
Horse Comes Out
Hugh Charging Bear
Henry Windshooter
Tracks in Sight
Runs Reckless
Steps in the World
Julia Her Horse

We looked again and read it once more. No, everything was in due form. Then we remembered. The Lakota Chapter, South Dakota, of the Red Cross is composed almost entirely of Sioux Indians. These are the true Americans and throughout the width and breadth of the land there are no more loyal, no more hard working and no more zealous Red Cross members than they. It is a great honor to have them upon our subscription list. May they be the forerunners of many to come.

THE FUTURE

The War Council will have in progress, about the time this magazine reaches you, a campaign for over 10,000,000 members. It is certain that before the winter ends THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE will have more direct subscribers than any other magazine in the world. We realize the great responsibility which goes with this great circulation, and the best authors and artists are helping us to give you the best magazine we can make. What proportion of these new members will be magazine members, no one can tell. The magazine is sent only to members who pay $2.00 or more.

TO ADVERTISERS

In a single year the income from advertisements printed has increased from a few hundred dollars a month to many thousands, and the advertising rate from less than a hundred dollars a page to a thousand dollars a page a month. In April the price will be $1,200 a page. In 1918 we feel certain that this source of income will be greatly increased, because the magazine goes to and interests the best people in the land. The November issue, notwithstanding the great initial expense of putting on the list more than a hundred thousand new names of subscribers, still yielded to the American Red Cross a handsome profit of many thousand dollars. Remember that this is your magazine. It is owned by the American Red Cross and the profits go into its funds.

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